

The Oxford County Citizen.

VOLUME XXVII—NUMBER 28

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1921.

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BETHEL AND VICINITY

Mrs. Hibbard is visiting relatives at South Paris.

Mrs. Perley Flint was in Lewiston last Wednesday.

The rain and fog of Saturday took most of the snow off.

The Academy closed Wednesday for the holiday vacation.

Mrs. Adda Conner is visiting relatives in South Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Thurston were in Lewiston, Wednesday.

Mr. Ralph Young is spending a few days at his home in town.

The Wotani Club met Thursday evening with Mrs. Fred Wheeler.

Mrs. Angie Parlin has gone to Saco, where she expects to spend some time.

Mr. Ray York has moved his family into the Godwin house on Church street.

Mr. R. J. Sawyer was home from Houghton, Me., a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lyon were week end guests at the Hapgood farm.

Mr. Millard Clough has installed a one-pipe furnace in his home on Mill Hill.

Mrs. Frank Kendall and Mrs. G. N. Sanborn were in Bryant's Pond, last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Osgood have moved into the rent over C. W. Hall's barber shop.

Mrs. Harry Kessell of West Bethel was a guest of Mrs. Fred Wheeler, and family, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Robertson have closed their home and gone to Gorham, N. H., for the winter.

Mrs. Harriet Cilley, who has been spending a short vacation in Boston, returned home Thursday.

Miss Muriel Park of South Paris spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Park.

Miss Dorothy Parsons was a week end guest of her schoolmates, Laurence, Hil-dred and Phyllis Bartlett.

Mrs. Harry Lyon and two little daughters of Grover Hill were Sunday guests at the Hapgood farm.

Miss Marion Parsons was the guest of her grandfather, G. J. Hapgood and family a few days this week.

The grammar school has closed for the Thanksgiving recess and the teachers have gone to their homes.

Mr. A. C. Adams and family have moved from their farm above Skilling-ton to their house on Spring street.

A large crowd attended the military ball held at Grange Hall, Friday evening under the auspices of the National Guard.

Miss Marian Mansfield, who is teaching school in Portsmouth, N. H., is spending her vacation with her mother, Mrs. Ella Mansfield.

Miss Marion Everett, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. P. S. Chapman, and family for several weeks, returned to Boston, Saturday.

Miss Annie Moran, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Lowe for several weeks, returned to her home in Haverhill, Mass., Sunday.

Its splendid baking qualities and de-licious flavor will make William Tell Flour the favorite in your kitchen and at your table. Try it. J. B. Ham Com-pany, Distributors.

The Crochet Club held a very pleas-ant meeting Thursday evening at the home of Mrs. Philip Chapman. Through the courtesy of friends autos were pro-vided for transportation.

Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Lovejoy left Wednesday for Sanford to spend Thanksgiving with their daughter, Mrs. Packard, and family. From there they will go to Fellsmead, Fla., to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Clark leave Thurs-day morning for Fullerton, California, where they will spend the winter. On their way they will visit their son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Clark, in Sharon, Pa.

CHESTER BOWLER CUSHMAN

Montville and many in other towns were shocked and saddened to hear of the death of Chester B. Cushman, who passed away Thursday, Nov. 23rd, aged 36 years. Taken away in his young manhood; with everything to live for, capable, energetic and popular, with bright prospects for the future, a devoted wife, an interesting family of children, mother, brother and a sister living nearby, who are all inconsolable with this great loss. He had not been in his usual health all summer, was taken ill in October, was attended by the best of physicians and a registered nurse, but after great suffering he passed away with a complication of liver and kidney troubles. Mr. Cushman was born in Center Montville, the eldest son of the late Oscar C. and Emma (Bowler) Cushman. He attended the town schools and was graduated from Freedom Academy in June 1906.

In August of that year he went to Bethel to work in the office of his uncle, E. C. Bowler, then editor of the Oxford County Citizen. There he met Miss Lulu Marie Arno and they were married June 8, 1908. Four daughters have been born to them, with ages from 12 to 5 years—Helen Bernice, Carolyn Emma, Margaret Eloise and Pearl Dorothy. His father's health failing, he returned to the home farm in Montville in December 1910 and went into trade at the Center with P. A. Clem-ent, under the firm name of Clement & Cushman. Later he took charge of his uncle's, the late Frank A. Cushman's farm, when he was elected sheriff in 1912 and remained there until he passed away. He leaves besides his im-mense family, one brother, Harold Ernest, and one sister, Cassie Eva Cushman on the home place with their mother in Montville, and an aged grandmother, Mrs. Mary Bowler of Palermo. Mr. Cushman had served the town as treasurer a number of years, was the second selectman of Montville and master of Union Harvest Grange at the time of his death. His funeral was held at his late home Sunday, Nov. 21st, Rev. Charles W. Martin of the Methodist church of Belfast officiating. Liberty Lodge of Masons, of which he was a member, conducted their last rites with forty of their members present. A great profusion of beautiful flowers were appreciated by the bereaved ones. Several community pieces, floral tributes from Union Harvest Grange, the Maccabees, Oxford County Citizen, and numerous friends and relatives. The bearers were Milton Wentworth, Pen-sion Clement, Earle Hovess and Ormande Morse. He was laid to rest in the Cushman family lot. The relatives from out of town were Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bowler and E. C. Bowler, Jr., of Port-land, Me. and Mrs. S. E. Bowler and Miss Katherine Bowler of Palermo, Mrs. C. L. Arno of Davenport, Iowa, and Mr. Ivan Arno of Errol, N. H.—N. B. T. Republican Journal, Belfast, Me.

We are mourning the loss of one of our brightest and best young citizens in the passing of Chester Bowler Cushman, which occurred Thursday, Novem-ber 23d. Mr. Cushman has been in fail-ing health for some months. He was of a quiet, uncomplaining disposition and his dear ones did not realize he was nearly through until a few weeks ago. He was Master of Union Harvest Grange, second selectman of the town and a member of Liberty Lodge of F. & M. M. He conducted the large farm formerly owned by his uncle, the late Sheriff Frank A. Cushman, and con-ducted a successful job printing office known as "The Cushman Print Shop." He was a graduate of Freedom Acad-emy and a man of good judgment and always reliable. The floral tributes were many and beautiful. The Masonic ritual was used as the burial service. The Rev. Charles W. Martin of Belfast conducted the service at the home on Sunday afternoon. The ceremony was brief but touched the hearts of the large assembly. He leaves a widow, four young daughters, his mother, Mrs. Emma Cushman, a brother and sister, Harold and Cassie, and many other relatives. He was the eldest child of the late Oscar C. Cushman—Center Montville Correspondent of Republican Journal.

Mr. Will Hapgood was a Sunday call-er at the Hapgood farm.

Mr. W. W. Hastings left Friday for Fellsmead, Fla., where he will spend the winter.

Mr. Perley Flint has returned from Megalloway, where he has been for sev-eral months.

Dr. R. R. Tibbets returned Monday from Palermo, where he has been visit-ing relatives the past week.

NEW BRIDGE AT GILEAD

To Be of Modern Structure—Will Be Built in the Spring

The old bridge over the Androscoggin River at Gilead is to be replaced by a modern structure and just as soon as the work can be done. The start has been authorized by the Governor and Council in the following order:

"Ordered, that the State Highway Commission be authorized to undertake by day labor the construction of two concrete abutments in the town of Gilead for a new bridge to be built over the Androscoggin River under the State and County Bridge Aid Act."

"This bridge will replace the old suspension bridge now in use over the Androscoggin river in Gilead," said Paul D. Sargent, chief engineer of the State Highway Commission, recently.

"The present bridge is not quite safe enough for the traffic which is using it, and it is desirable to get the new bridge constructed at as early a date as possible," continued Mr. Sargent.

"The Highway Commission decided that the best way to handle the construction would be to have the abut-ments built on a day labor basis un-to 5 years—Helen Bernice, Carolyn Emma, Margaret Eloise and Pearl Dorothy. His father's health failing, he returned to the home farm in Montville in December 1910 and went into trade at the Center with P. A. Clem-ent, under the firm name of Clement & Cushman. Later he took charge of his uncle's, the late Frank A. Cushman's farm, when he was elected sheriff in 1912 and remained there until he passed away. He leaves besides his im-mense family, one brother, Harold Ernest, and one sister, Cassie Eva Cushman on the home place with their mother in Montville, and an aged grandmother, Mrs. Mary Bowler of Palermo. Mr. Cushman had served the town as treasurer a number of years, was the second selectman of Montville and master of Union Harvest Grange at the time of his death. His funeral was held at his late home Sunday, Nov. 21st, Rev. Charles W. Martin of the Methodist church of Belfast officiating. Liberty Lodge of Masons, of which he was a member, conducted their last rites with forty of their members present. A great profusion of beautiful flowers were appreciated by the bereaved ones. Several community pieces, floral tributes from Union Harvest Grange, the Maccabees, Oxford County Citizen, and numerous friends and relatives. The bearers were Milton Wentworth, Pen-sion Clement, Earle Hovess and Ormande Morse. He was laid to rest in the Cushman family lot. The relatives from out of town were Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bowler and E. C. Bowler, Jr., of Port-land, Me. and Mrs. S. E. Bowler and Miss Katherine Bowler of Palermo, Mrs. C. L. Arno of Davenport, Iowa, and Mr. Ivan Arno of Errol, N. H.—N. B. T. Republican Journal, Belfast, Me.

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GRANGE NEWS

FRANKLIN GRANGE

Franklin Grange held an all day ses-sion Saturday, Nov. 19, with South Paris Grange as invited guests. As part of the degree team had not arrived by auto the Lecturer of Franklin Grange gave part of the program in the forenoon.

Singing, Marching Through Georgia, Grange

Reading, Original Poem, Claude Gushman

Solo, Lulu Day

Piano Solo, Christina Willard

Reading, Original Poem, Mrs. Ann Sessions

Duet, Cora Perham, Annie Davis

A baked bean dinner with every kind of pie and cake, also some salads and puddings were served at noon. The tables were set up twice. Sixty-seven members were present from South Paris, ninety-seven from Franklin Grange, also a few members from other Granges.

After dinner South Paris Grange con-ferred the third and fourth degrees on eleven candidates. Fifty members were in the degree team. The work was given in a very able and creditable manner.

The following program was given:

Singing, Grange

Solo, Ethel Wymann

Reading, Annie Curtis

Piano Solo, Myron Lovejoy

Reading, encore, Colby Ring

Farce, How He Popped the Question, Marguerite Dudley, Harry Packard

Remarks by several members.

BETHEL GRANGE

Bethel Grange met on the evening of Nov. 17 to hold its regular meeting.

Bear River Grange was invited, and 10 of its members responded to the invita-tion. The meeting was opened in form with all officers present. There were five applications read by the Sec-retary. The third and fourth degrees were conferred on five candidates.

After the work a harvest feast was given. The following was the literary program:

Violin and Piano Music, Eunice Smith, Doris Goodnow,

Address of Welcome, Rev. Mr. Little

Response, P. O. Brinck

Farce, Waiting for the Train

Remarks were made by Mr. Saunders and Mr. L. E. Wight.

The next meeting will be held on the evening of Dec. 1.

LONG MOUNTAIN GRANGE

Long Mountain Grange held its regu-lar all day meeting Saturday with a good attendance. A baked bean and poultry dinner was served at noon. The Lecturer's program follows:

Song, The Model Grange, Grange

Past and Present, Sadie Bailey

Sketch, W. W. Perkins

Unemployment, Mrs. C. A. Andrews

Reading, E. M. Bailey

When the Good Friend Drops In, Tena Baker

Singing, Mrs. H. M. Thomas

Sketch, John Bailey

Singing, When a Hundred Years Have Rolled By

MORRIS PRATT BIRTHDAY

and DONORS' DAY

AT GOULD'S ACADEMY

On Tuesday afternoon, November 23, will occur the annual event known as the Morris Pratt Birthday and Donors' Day.

A pleasing program is being pre-pared under the direction of Mrs. Geh-ring.

All friends of the school are cordial-ly invited to be present at these exer-cises which will begin at 2:30 o'clock.

BABY SAVING CAMPAIGN

In Maine during the years 1915 1920, 9743 babies died under five years of age. Statistics show that one child in 33 spends more than one year in the same grade in school, and 18 per cent of il-liguent children are those afflicted with ill-health, of the large proportion of our young men, 51 per cent, who were rejected for military service on account of physical disability, more than half of them could have been cured by treatment in childhood.

Miss Clyde Ricker of Bangor, in the interests of the Maine Baby Saving Society, is in town and on Monday eve-ning gave a demonstration and lecture at the Universalist church on baby's bathing and hygiene.

It is hoped that this town will unite with Gilead, Locke's Mills and Dry-ant's Pond in securing the services of a public health and follow up work nurse. Miss Ricker will make a house to house survey and give further dem-onstrations.

W. S. WIGHT'S CONCERT

Friday evening, Nov. 18, Odeon Hall

was filled to enjoy the concert given by Mr. Wight's class assisted by local talent.

The numbers all showed the faithful work of the teacher and his pupils and it was a real surprise to the audience to discover how much had been learned in reading and singing the music in such a short term of instruction. Mr. Wight's method of teaching, even be-ginners, is to be commended, and his long years of experience have only add-ed to his enthusiasm. He has taught three hundred classes and given as many concerts, and his work is well known not only in Maine but other parts of New England.

Children always especially interest an audience in whatever part they take and the Doll Chorus given by fifty chil-dren was loudly applauded, and the Herick sisters and Katherine Lyon were especially pleasing and they re-sponded to the recall with the grace of much older Misses.

The baritone solo by Mr. Wight was the most classical number on the pro-gram, but duets, quartettes and chor-uses were a pleasure to the audience and thoroughly appreciated.

Mrs. Erma Young, as accompanist, al-so came in for her share of praise.

Mr. Wight has been invited to open another class, but he plans to go to Connecticut and probably South for the winter months to teach classes, where he has been engaged in the work in previous years.

WEST PARIS

The death of Hannibal Gardner Brown occurred at his home Monday evening. Mr. Brown was one of the pioneer settlers of the village and one of the best known men of the town, coming to the village about 1850. Mr. Brown was a staunch republican, a man of radical temperance ideas. In relig-ion he was a Universalist. He had held the office of selectman, was at one time Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and for several years Justice of the Peace. He was a great reader and consequently well informed on the issues of the day. He had more than ordinary ability as a speaker and writer, and had retained his faculties to a large degree for one of his years, caring for the fruit on his place and also for a large flock of hens. His sickness and death came suddenly. On Sunday night he suffered an attack of cold and acute indigestion and sank rapidly from heart failure. Mr. Brown was the son of John and Huldah Gardner Brown and was born in Plymouth, Me., Dec. 18, 1829. He was united in marriage with Mary Parlin of Paris 68 years ago last May. He is survived by his wife and two children, Edwin H. Brown of Rumford and Jennie, wife of Will F. Dunham of East Bangus, Mass., and one grandson, Charles L. Brown of Rumford. The funeral will be held at the Universalist church Thursday at 10 o'clock, Rev. H. A. Markley officiating and the interment will be in West Paris cemetery.

On Sunday afternoon, Nov. 20, there was a meeting of the District Y. P. C. U. at the Universalist church with Nor-way, South Paris, Bethel and the local Union represented. As Glenn McInlre of Norway the president of the District Association was unable to be here, Rey-nold Chase, vice president and a mem-ber of West Paris Union presided at the meeting. The young people were very fortunate in having Mrs. Roger Eastman, a member of the executive board of the "Onward", the denomina-tional paper of the Union, as the speak-er of the afternoon. She gave a very interesting talk concerning the devo-tional and social departments of the Union which will be beneficial to all Unioners in setting their goal for the coming year.

G. A. NOTES

Mr. Robinson had the good fortune to capture a deer last Saturday.

School closed Wednesday for the Thanksgiving recess. Most of the stu-dents went to their homes.

Norvin and Nova Humphrey were week end guests of Inez and Maystelle Farris at their home in Oxford.

The Y. W. C. A. held a short but im-pressive Thanksgiving service on Tues-day afternoon. Miss Ella Hancocm was the leader.

All the pupils will have given their second declamations for the term when the Sophomores and Freshmen present theirs this afternoon.

Envelope from 5 cents to 20 cents per bunch, and paper from 10 cents to 25 cents per pound at the Citizen Office.

FACTS PRESENTED AT THE N. E. M. P. A. MEETING

Facts presented by W. P. Davis, As-sistant Manager at the Oxford District meeting Nov. 18 of the New England Milk Producers' Association at Grange Hall, South Paris, Me.

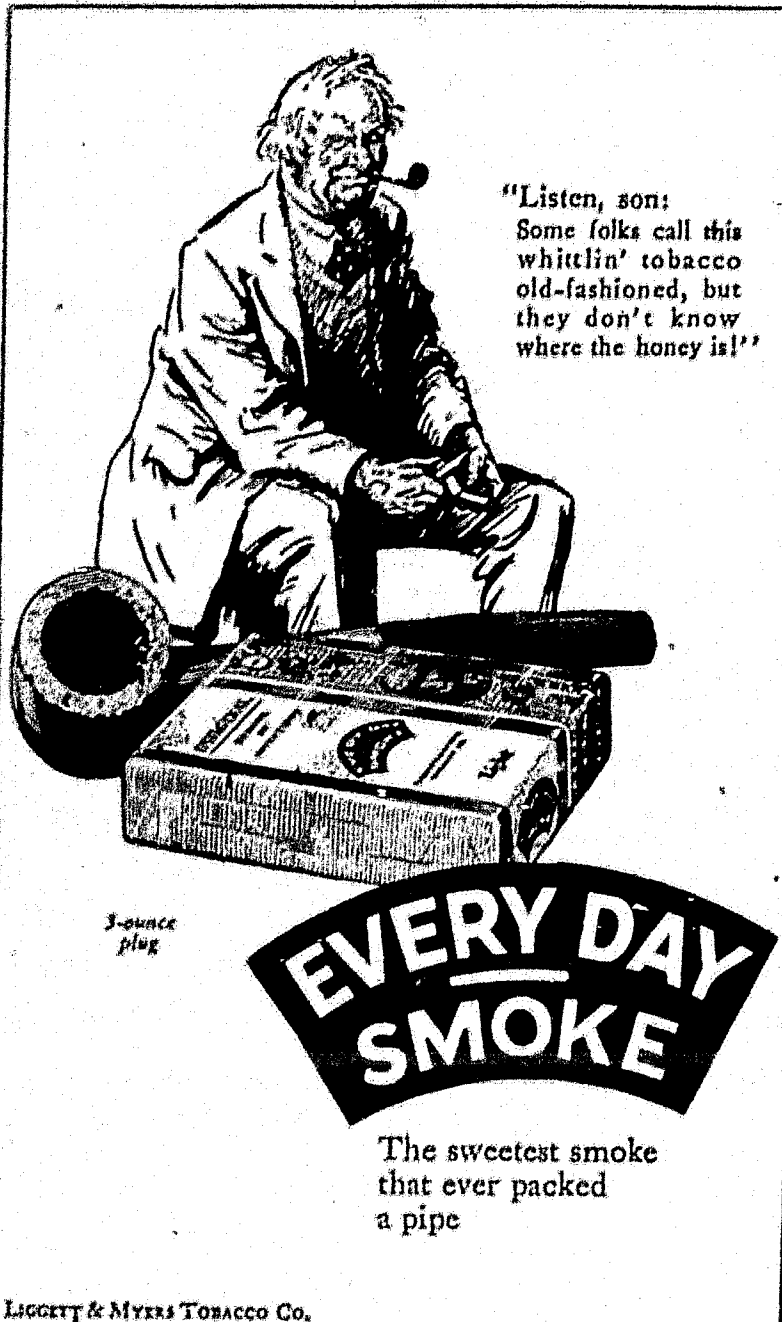
The N. E. M. P. A. was organized in 1917 as a non stock, no profit corpo-ration. It cannot buy or sell milk. It is a body which acts as the sales agent for its members.

There are now 552 local branches, each local comprising the dairymen in a town or group of towns. They are distributed as follows: Maine, 148; New Hampshire, 96; Vermont, 161; Massachusetts, 103; Rhode Island, 14; Connecticut, 22; New York, 18. The membership Sept. 1 was 20,703. In September 1920 it was 20,402. The As-sociation has added enough members during the year to offset all decrease from farmers selling their farms or dropping out of the Association and nearly 400 more. The locals are self governing and elect delegates to the County Associations. The Presidents of the County Association make up the Central Association. The sale of milk for members is made by a central Sales Committee for Boston and by separate Sales Committees for various smaller markets.

Three important legislative matters were presented. The dairy tariff sched-ule. The claims of this schedule were presented this week by a group of New England farmers and dairy association leaders at Washington. A second legis-lative necessity was the Capper-Volstead Bill clearly setting forth the rights of farmers to organize for co-operative marketing. The third need is the Volstead Bill placing a ban on filled milk, or milk from which the but-ter-fat has been removed and coconut oil substituted in its place.

A comparison of milk prices showed that milk was bringing more than oth-er farm products but less than the things which farmers have to buy. In September the price of milk was 64 per cent higher than it was in 1913, tak-en as a pre-war average. The general price of other farm products was only 22 per cent above the 1913 figure. This shows the value of organization, as producers of other lines of farm prod-ucts are not organized. On the other hand farmers had to pay 87 per cent more for clothing than they did in 1913, 93 per cent more for building materials and 123 per cent more for home fur-nishings. Summarizing the situation, it appears that milk producers of New England are decidedly better off than other farmers but that they still re-ceive too little for their milk in pro-portion to what they have to buy.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES



"Listen, son:
Some folks call this
whittlin' tobacco
old-fashioned, but
they don't know
where the honey is!"

**EVERY DAY
SMOKE**

The sweetest smoke
that ever packed
a pipe

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

We print Letterheads, Envelopes, Statements,
Butter Paper, Business Cards, Auction Bills
and anything that is to be printed. Give us
a trial. Citizen Print Shop, Bethel, Maine

IRA C. JORDAN

General Merchandise

BETHEL, MAINE

Regular Candy is Bell's or Charters every time.
DON'T BE TWO-THIRDS SATISFIED—BUY
Bell's or Charters Chocolates
AND BE THOROUGHLY SATISFIED.
S. & H. ICE CREAM
GREENLEAF'S
MAIN ST. BETHEL

To the Insuring Public.

We are prepared to handle your Insurance needs,
promptly, carefully, and in wholly reliable companies.

STUART W. GOODWIN
INSURANCE

146 Main St., Norway, Maine

**WE HAVE A LOT OF GOOD TRADES LEFT FROM
OUR AUGUST SALE**

We want to mention a few of them:
Big Nine Tennis, Men's \$3.00, Boys' \$2.75, Youths' \$2.25.
Women's White Pumps, Kids, Spring Heel, all sizes 3 to 6, \$1.00.
We have a very large stock of Men's Oxfords and they are all
marked down and are surely bargains.
Women's White Pumps and Oxfords are marked very low. A
good time to buy for next year.
We carry the Barker Moccasin for Men and Women, both Blucher
and Oxford, Chocolate and Simulated. Very comfortable and durable

E. N. SWETT SHOE CO.
Opera House Block
NORWAY, MAINE
Phone 33-2

The Mysteries of Yoga

By DOROTHY WHITCOMB.

Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.

She was not his Molly, John Beatty realized that as, attired in a stiff shirt, which gave him a sensation of impending asphyxia, and a suit of evening clothes, which made him feel like a waiter, he stood moodily beside the door and watched his fiancée moving among her guests.

He had returned from the West after a three-years' absence. He had gone to make his fortune in the mines, and Molly had said she would be true to him. He had made the fortune and Molly had been true, but . . . Well, this was not the simple, pretty country girl whom he had left three years before.

There was incense in the air, and Beatty liked the incense of whole-some oxygen. There were three poets present. John did not mind poets, but these had long, greasy hair and dirty finger nails. And he positively loathed the black man in the turban, who was holding forth a rapt audience—Molly included—upon the mysteries of Yoga.

"To attain the infinite," he was saying with a supercilious smile. "It is easy, ladies. Concentrate! Concentrate, and repeat without cessation the magic syllable 'Om.' Then breathe in lightly through the left nostril, concentrate all feelings in the center of the spine, and exhale through the alternate nostril, meanwhile repeating the magic syllable 'Om.'"

After that came a lecture upon esoteric Buddhism, as set forth by the great seer and sage Patanjali, several hundred centuries before Molly had opened her pretty eyes in Binghamton, N. Y.

After the guests had gone John Beatty stood facing Molly alone. He was sick at heart and angry words rose to his lips.

"Don't you see, Molly, this isn't real!" he was saying. "It isn't whole-some. That black man—"

"You mean Mr. Ramasamy Chundra Ghee?" inquired Molly, with ominous calm.

"I do," said Beatty. "I don't like to see you mixed up with a crowd of fakery like those, dear."

"I have changed, John," answered Molly. "I have found myself. And you haven't changed. You have lost yourself in the whirl of worldly interests. It isn't any use, John. We could never be happy together. I want to live in the soul to have my spiritual freedom. We could never be happy together."

"You want to break our engagement?" asked Beatty coldly.

She put out her hands.

John grasped her in his arms.

"God bless you, Molly," he said. "But it isn't any use. Only if you grow tired—if you want me at any time, anywhere, you'll let me know, won't you?"

Then he was gone.

A ring at the bell aroused her from her reverie. She opened the door.

The Indian was standing upon the threshold. At the sight of him her face softened.

"You left something, Mr. Ramasamy Ghee?" she asked.

Ramasamy entered after her and closed the door behind him. He turned toward her and held out his arms.

"Yes," he whispered hoarsely. "I left you, my moonflower, my perfect pearl. I could not go home until I had told you that I love you."

Molly recoiled in horror.

"Will you come with me and be my bride, my lotus-flower?" inquired the black man eagerly.

"Oh, I hate you! Go away!" she cried. "John! John!"

The answer was immediate. With a crash John Beatty stood in the entrance.

With a leap he was upon the black man, and with a parting kick, deposited him upon the sidewalk. Then he turned back into the apartment. Molly was weeping pitifully as she crouched on the Turkish rug.

"I—I saw that black skunk turn back, Molly, and I suspected something," John exclaimed. "So I waited outside to make sure that it was all right. You aren't angry with me, dear?"

"Angry, John?" she answered, looking up. "Oh, John, can you ever forgive me?"

John sat down beside her and took her hands in his.

"Molly, dear," he said, "I guess you don't understand—that's all, Molly. If you'll marry me, you shall have a different post every night to supper, as big as his hands are clean. But I guess you'll let Ramasamy do his breathing stunts elsewhere. What do you say?"

"All right, John," answered Molly.

Force of Habit.

Mrs. Barker—Now, listen here, John. I will not stand your staying out so late.

Mr. Smart—Really, my dear, you are unreasonable. You know very well I acquired the habit while courting you—London Answers.

A Life of Endavor.

Success comes only to those who lead a life of endeavor.—Theodore Roosevelt.

WEST PARIS

The district meeting of the Young People's Christian Union will be held with West Paris Union, Nov. 29.

Mrs. Olaf Dwinall of Auburn and Mrs. Ernest Herriek of South Paris have been recent guests of their father, E. W. Penley.

One of the most successful events ever given by the Universalists was the chicken pie supper and sale and entertainment on Wednesday afternoon and evening of last week. The fancy work booth received large patronage, and the same might be said of the apron and candy table and mystery booth. A crowd filled Good Will Hall from 5.30 to 7.00 o'clock, and still the chicken pie and other good things were plentiful. At 8 o'clock the church was filled to listen to the excellent program. Miss Baker of Portland, a graduate of the Leland Powers School of the Spoken Word, delighted her audience by her well selected readings, fine diction and pleasing personality. Mr. Barker of Bryant's Pond added much to the evening's program with his solos, which were greatly appreciated and enjoyed, and Alice Barden sang very sweetly, and as usual was warmly applauded by the people of her home town. The net receipts of the afternoon and evening are about \$237.

The Universalist society desire to express their thanks to the many friends who by their generosity, assistance and patronage helped to make the annual sale, supper and entertainment a great success.

Dr. and Mrs. Wheeler have entertained the following guests the past week: Capt. and Mrs. Sylvester of Portland, Dr. W. E. Webber and Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Norris of Lewiston, Rev. and Mrs. H. A. Markley.

Mr. and Mrs. Mont Hollis have moved into the small rent in Minnie Stevens' house.

NORTH WATERFORD

Mrs. G. E. Farmer is at Albany, helping care for her granddaughter, Christine Littlefield, who is very ill. Millard Littlefield is there also.

Mrs. Fred McAllister visited Annie Hazelton, Wednesday afternoon.

Verna Kimball was a week end guest of Mrs. Fred McAllister, recently, and Oba Kimball was a guest at his aunt's, Mrs. Geo. Hobson. They both are attending school at Norway.

Merline Littlefield celebrated her 10th birthday, Nov. 10, by a few of her relatives calling in the evening. She had a lovely birthday cake with 10 candles made by her grandmother, Mrs. Billie Marston. Ice cream, fudge and sugared pop corn were served. She received several presents.

David McAllister, Jr., worked for Fred McAllister a few days recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Holt, who have been on the sick list, are better.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dresser were Sunday guests at Will Fiske's.

Mr. and Mrs. Isalah Hazelton were Friday guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Hazleton.

Clas. Marston, Eugene Lovejoy and

MODERN DAY MIRACLES

How Twentieth Century Scientists Have Rubbed the
Magi's Lamp and Made the Age-old Dream
of Alchemy Come True

(Told in Eight Sketches)
By JOHN RAYMOND.

No. I THE AGE OF CHEMISTRY

Within the last few years the world has been electrified by the vast strides made in the field of science by the creative chemist. Indeed, within a generation the influence exerted upon the entire fabric of our civilization from within the laboratory has been so enormous that we are prepared at last to accept the oft-repeated statement that we have passed beyond the age of machinery and have entered into the more mysterious age of chemistry.

What this new era is to bring forth in the way of scientific discovery rests upon conjecture, but certainly, the miracles performed in the last half century have been sufficient to warrant almost any expectancy.

America has heard that Germany's chemists saved her from an early disastrous defeat, both in the field and in the matter of obtaining supplies. Without the tremendous expansion of her plants for the production of nitrates and ammonia from the air by processes developed by her great chemists the war, without question, would have ended years before it did, as a result of the exhaustion of Germany's explosives, if not from the exhaustion of her food supplies because of the lack of fertilizer for her fields.

So great, in fact, have been the accomplishments in the last few years that scientists now declare that a nation without applied chemistry will be "defenseless in war and lagging in peace."

Previously unheard of scientific feats have been reported from the laboratory, but because of necessity, they were performed so quietly they were robbed of their glamor and their trappings of romance while lesser achievements on the field of battle and in the council chambers of diplomats have been hailed by throngs.

Those of us who have left the classroom and the study hall far behind find it difficult, lacking technical knowledge, to comprehend this swift transition from one era to another, an amazing period when the nations of the world are making serious plans to scrap their weapons and armies, depending for protection entirely upon the subtle but deadly material

agencies developed secretly in chemical laboratories.

We who are not chemists hear strange tales these days of no less strange because they are true, of rubies and amber, ornaments of ivory, shimmering silks, colors of every hue, and exotic perfumes—once the precious cargo of desert caravans—produced from a substance as ordinary as coal tar.

Truly, chemistry has descended into the depths of the earth and extracted the secret formula of nature. The modern researcher, by constant diligence and untiring effort, has permeated the mysteries which kept the alchemist of other centuries groping in the dark and branded him as unclean, in finding in coal tar, not only the most beautiful, but remedies for most human ills, has outdreamed the alchemist by transforming a base substance into something far more precious than gold.

From this black, sticky mass he adorns M'lady with colors rivaling nature itself in their barbaric splendor. He distills perfumes that equal the jasmine and he makes terrifying gases that one day will make war unthinkable. Thousands of articles upon which we depend, from TNT to paying blocks, from afar of roses to fertilizer, and from illumination gas to royal purple, are derived from the same substance.

As recently as 1700 a man who dared to say that he could produce a ruby from a lump of coal would have been accused of practicing the black art and doubtless would have ended his career at the stake. In three centuries we have gone far. To-day we accept these miracles but few of us know how the miracles are wrought. And yet there is no mystery.

The succeeding sketches will show how the accidental discovery of an English boy at work in a laboratory in 1850 started the development of creative chemistry, and will tell how it is possible to produce a silk purse, a bottle of perfume, the colors of the rainbow, a variety of medicines, food-stuffs and poisons, all from the same material.

(Released by The Institute of American Business, New York.)

Winfield Brown were among the lucky ones to bring in a deer this week.

Mrs. Winfield Brown visited friends in Stoneham a few days last week.

Envelopes from 6 cents to 20 cents per bunch, and paper from 10 cents to 55 cents per pound at the Citizen Office.

Christmas Suggestion

Sometimes a year's subscription to a good magazine makes an appropriate gift. Prices are low.

CARL L. BROWN, Agent, BETHEL



Don't think of WILLIAM TELL as just "flour"—think of it rather as fresh hot bread that will build health and strength, as crisp, flaky pastries that will melt in your mouth, as rich, toothsome cake—think of it as all of the choice things that you can make with it, everyone filled with that delicious, nutty flavor for which WILLIAM TELL is famous.

Don't say you can't do it. Try WILLIAM TELL and you'll find that you can—with ease and with pleasure. We are so confident that you'll succeed with WILLIAM TELL that we will absolutely guarantee satisfaction.

Tell your Grocer—WILLIAM TELL

Yes, the price is down—just about where it used to be before the war.

For Sale by J. B. HAM CO., Bethel, Maine

Uncle Story

FINE FURN

"I DROPPED IN to Meyer today," Jamesworthy, "and through the house, finest mahogany furniture in a long time. I hope



shed and hold an Indianapolis and pass a series of nouncing your toll-wo cause he hasn't turned marble halls and vassas your side.

"You know that I and kneesprings as a role efforts to keep the door. If you were the woman you would say the Wiegelmeyer outfit husband may not be all me with such oriental intelligence, but everything from the sanitary coner rocker, is paid for, and sit on a nail keg free brance, than to bask at alan dinal that may be the installment house th misses a payment."

"If you would look at light, Mrs. Jamesworthy more like continuing a sidestep the poorhouse."

"Suppose we had the sumptuous furniture, w would you be? There sneaking satisfaction in to visitors, but such sat unholly thing. It is goeth before destruction and vexation of spirit.

Splitted bedlame will ex geous rosewood furniture who has to struggle eloi and dresser made of a d pine.

"When the shades of fallen fast, and Mrs. Wig to her bedroom and to mahogany bed, do you sleeps in it any better th your golden oak bed th fashion twenty years ago Mrs. Jamesworthy. The bed must have narcotic the way you sleep is a n mes. If you could hear ough you'd be perfectly a couch that makes such a bla.

"In these degenerate d en think of nothing but display. If they can't d millinery, they want to houses. They forget that is superfluous. You get it. What is a bed for? and when you sleep you scious. Then what diff make whether you sleep bogany bed, or a \$1 cotte What is a chair for? Ty you can sit just as well chair that you bought t hand store, as you can in ebony inlaid with pearl.

"When I was young, different. My sainted me use for expensive furnit always was dissatisfied v he had to sleep in. He self, with an ax and crow was a young man. The ways falling out of it and revered parent on the flo he picked himself up he things that had smoke o he grow older he wanted ern bed, but mother woi for it. She wouldn't hear extravagance. She used to that he wouldn't be able first-class bed, he had s used to finding his feet a higher than his head wh Finally my mother—"

"I wish it was 'finally' mother," said Mrs. Jamesw sick of hearing of her."

Defined.

"Would you call it a n to cheat a lawyer who l you an exorbitant fee?"

"No, I wouldn't. I'd ca man impossibility."

Worse and Worse

Redd—I ran across Black today while in my car.

Greene—I ran across him say!

"Well, I did say that, bu ter of fact, I struck him do fore I ran across him."

Next.

"Just bought my wife a dollar coat."

"What now?"

"Gonna save up for a pa for myself."

Uncle Walt's Story

Walt Mason

FINE FURNITURE

"I DROPPED in to see Mrs. Wigglemeyer today," announced Mrs. Jamesworthy, "and she showed me through the house. They have the finest mahogany furniture I have seen in a long time. I hope I am not envious or covetous, but when I contemplated that beautiful furniture, and thought of our own old stuff, I felt sick at heart. I love beautiful things, and have been deprived of them all my days."

"It's a pity about you," said Jamesworthy. "You'd better go out to the woodshed and hold an indignation meeting and pass a series of resolutions denouncing your old-fashioned furniture because it hasn't furnished you with marble halls and vassals and serfs by your side."

"You know that I am swayed back and kneesprung as a result of my heroic efforts to keep the wolf from the door. If you were the right sort of woman you would say, after seeing the Wigglemeyer outfit, my esteemed husband may not be able to surround me with such oriental luxury and magnificence, but everything we have, from the sanitary couch to the plush rocker, is paid for, and it is better to sit on a nail keg free from incumbrance, than to bask at ease on a Persian divan that may be confiscated by the installment house the first time we miss a payment."

"If you would look at things in that light, Mrs. Jamesworthy, I would feel more like continuing the struggle to sidestep the poorhouse."

"Suppose we had the house full of sumptuous furniture, what better off would you be? There might be a smacking satisfaction in showing it off to visitors, but such satisfaction is an unholy thing. It is the pride that goeth before destruction. It is vanity and vexation of spirit. Only a meek-spirited beladame will exhibit her gorgeous rosewood furniture to a woman who has to struggle along with a bed and dresser made of a cheap grade of pine."

"When the shades of night have fallen fast, and Mrs. Wigglemeyer goes to her bedroom and to her imposing mahogany bed, do you suppose she sleeps in it any better than you do in your golden oak bed that went out of fashion twenty years ago? I trow not, Mrs. Jamesworthy. That golden oak bed must have narcotic qualities, for the way you sleep is a caution to mummies. If you could hear yourself snoring you'd be perfectly satisfied with a couch that makes such snoring possible."

"In these degenerate days the women think of nothing but making a big display. If they can't do it in their millinery, they want to do it in their houses. They forget that all grandeur is superficial. You get nothing out of it. What is a bed for? To sleep in; and when you sleep you are unconscious. Then what difference does it make whether you sleep in a \$500 mahogany bed, or a \$1 cotton hammock? What is a chair for? To sit in; and you can sit just as well in a rustic chair that you bought at a second-hand store, as you can in the chair of ebony inlaid with pearl."

"When I was young, women were different. My sainted mother had no use for expensive furniture. Father always was dissatisfied with the bed he had to sleep in. He made it himself, with an ax and crowbar, when he was a young man. The slats were always falling out of it and dumping my revered parent on the floor, and when he picked himself up he used to say things that had smoke on them. As he grew older he wanted a new modern bed, but mother wouldn't stand for it. She wouldn't hear of such extravagance. She used to tell father that he wouldn't be able to sleep in a first-class bed, he had so long been used to finding his feet about a yard higher than his head when he woke. Finally my mother—"

"I wish it was finally with your mother," said Mrs. Jamesworthy. "I'm sick of hearing of her."

Defined.

"Would you call it a moral wrong to cheat a lawyer who had charged you an exorbitant fee?"

"No, I wouldn't. I'd call it a human impossibility."

Worse and Worse.

Redd—I ran across Black downtown today while in my car.

Greene—Ran across him, did you say?

"Well, I did say that, but as a matter of fact, I struck him downtown before I ran across him."

Next.

"Just bought my wife a thousand-dollar coat."

"What now?"

"Gonna save up for a pair of shoes for myself."

HANOVER

A fine entertainment was given by the village school, Friday evening at Union Hall. The following program was presented, under the direction of the teacher, Miss Nellie Harrington: Recitation, "Words of Welcome," Greenwood Eaton; Recitation, "What Happened to Rex," Leo McPherson; School Poem, "If," Ernest Moore; Recitation, "Have Courage," Ernest Moore.

Violin and Piano Selection, Madeline Brink, Florence Howe; Recitation, "Farwell," Addison Saunders; Flag Salute, Fourth Grade; Recitation, "Life," Madeline Brink, May Barker, Greenwood Eaton, Frank Worcester; Vocal Solo, Helen Barker; Faree, "Closing Day at Beauville School," Florence Howe, Madeline Brink, Freda Worcester, May Barker, Greenwood Eaton, Alfred Tripp, Angus McPherson, Ernest Moore, Frank Hodgkins, Frank Worcester, Wallace Saunders, Addison Saunders, Leo McPherson.

After the entertainment home-made candy and pop-corn were sold and games were enjoyed by the children and their friends.

A dance was held at Union Hall, Wednesday evening, by Shaw's Orchestra from Norway. Owing to the bad travelling but a small company were present. The oyster supper given by the ladies of the Hall Association in connection with the dance was well patronized, however, and a neat little sum was realized.

Mrs. Lucretia Barker of Bethel is spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. C. F. Saunders.

Mrs. Maria E. Twichell of Portland spent the week end with her aunt, Mrs. Viola Roberts.

Percy Brink and family have moved to Bethel.

Paul Staples is at home with a severe cold.

SOUTH PARIS

Hugh Pendexter of Norway spoke before the Community Club, Tuesday. The Seneca Club held a very interesting meeting Monday.

The Ladies' Social Union of the Universalist church will hold a sale on Wednesday, Dec. 14.

The Busy Bees met Saturday with Ruth Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Butts entertained the Kuppel Klub Monday evening with a venison supper.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Harold Neal are being congratulated upon the arrival of a little daughter in their home Sunday.

Mrs. George Eastman was a recent visitor in Lovell.

Mrs. Anna H. Hayes has gone to Reading, Mass., where she intends to spend the winter.

Mrs. Nelson Elder was a recent guest of her sister, Mrs. Garland, at Portland.

F. O. Purlington of Mechanic Falls was a visitor in town last Wednesday.

J. O. Hilborn of West Minot was in town last Wednesday.

Mrs. Jessie Scott of Portland was a recent guest in town.

Miss Alice Knight left Monday for Cape Neddick, where she will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Eastman have gone to Boston, where they will spend the week.

Work on the new Old Fellows building is going along rapidly, the building being up one story.

Arthur J. Carroll and Bert Cole were in Lovell hunting last week and secured a fine deer.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Davis are guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Dunham at Turner this week.

Miss Marion Small of Webb's Mills is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Everett McKee, for the winter.

Mrs. Anna Jacobs was in Auburn last week, called there by the illness of her mother, Mrs. Fitzgerald.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Barrows are guests of their daughter, Mrs. M. V. McAllister, at Palham, N. H.

The U. K. class of Breck Memorial church met Saturday afternoon at the home of their teacher, Mrs. Rich.

Alton C. Wheeler was a business visitor in Bridgton last week.

Mrs. Evelyn Briggs of Bethel was a guest of relatives in town last week.

P. F. Bragg was a business visitor in Augusta a few days last week.

NEWRY

Harlan Bartlett is at work cutting timber for F. I. French.

Elmer Bailey is hauling birch for Wallace Kilgore at No. Newry.

Harry Isaacson of Norway was in town last week with a big supply of winter clothing.

Mrs. Duncan McPherson called at Walter Powers' last Saturday.

The rats of last Saturday night took off nearly all the snow, but made a good lot of water which was needed to fill the wells and springs.

Dr. Willard and daughter of Bryant's Pond called at W. N. Powers' last Friday night.

CANTON

The annual inspection of Evergreen Chapter, O. E. S., was held at a special meeting Wednesday evening with a good attendance. The inspecting officer was Miss Mabel J. DeShon of Portland, Grand Matron, who was cordially greeted by her many friends in Canton, where she was a former resident. One candidate was initiated into the order, after which helpful and interesting remarks were made by the Grand Matron. At the close of her remarks C. E. Mendall, in behalf of Evergreen Chapter, presented her with a dainty brooch, with congratulations and best wishes of the members of the Chapter. Miss DeShon responded feelingly with thanks. After remarks by members, a short entertainment followed, consisting of a piano solo by Miss Marguerite Hollis, a beautiful Masonic poem by the Grand Matron, a piano duet by Mrs. Minnie Reynolds and Mrs. Helen Ellis, and a piano trio by Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Reynolds and Miss Hollis. A fine supper followed, the tables looking very pretty with their decorations of bright pink roses and favors of little red caps filled with spicy candy. Miss DeShon was initiated into the order by Evergreen Chapter and its members feel a just pride in the success she is attaining as Grand Matron. She was born in Canton, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert J. DeShon, and is well fitted for her high position.

A meeting of the Red Cross was held at the home of the secretary, Mrs. W. A. Lucas, Tuesday evening. Francis H. Bate was appointed chairman of the fifth annual roll call. The solicitors are Mrs. Helen A. Eastman, Mrs. Estella Briggs, B. E. Patterson, Mrs. Linwood Darrington and Geo. Barrows, Canton; Mrs. S. T. Hayden, Canton Point; Mrs. Herbert Foote, East Hartford; and Miss Reba Crockett, North Hartford. Mrs. J. A. Tyler was appointed a committee on the Junior Red Cross.

C. W. Walker and Lawrence Poland attended the meeting of the Farm Bureau at So. Paris, Wednesday.

Herbert Stevens was at Damariscotta on business the past week.

Miss Rossi Hinds spent the week end with friends in town.

Mrs. O. M. Richardson has been a guest of her niece, Mrs. Maurice J. Howes, and family of Cumberland Mills.

Miss Abbie C. Bicknell has returned home from a visit in Winthrop and several towns and cities in Massachusetts.

Mrs. Addie Ray has been on a visit to Portland.

At a meeting of the New England Milk Producers' Association the following officers were elected:

President—D. A. Bisbee

Vice-President—A. J. Foster

Sec. and Treas.—C. E. Mendall

Ex. Com.—C. F. Tripp, F. L. Walker, A. J. Foster. Delegates to attend the County meeting at South Paris: D. A. Bisbee, C. F. Tripp and F. L. Walker.

New Century Pomona Grange will meet with Canton Grange, Dec. 27, for the annual meeting.

Horace Worden and family are out of quarantine.

The sale, entertainment and dance given at the Opera House, Friday afternoon and evening by Canton High School was a great success and about \$115 was realized from the affair. The large amount of fancy work, aprons, confectionery, etc., were rapidly sold and the fish pond was a never-ending delight. The peck of apples was won by Principal C. W. Bayley and Eva Reed. The skis were won by Supt. Bate. In the evening preceding the entertainment, Miss Lovina Irish of Humpford spoke a few words in behalf of the Red Cross. Two farces were given, "The Simpleton or the Professor," the characters being Miss Frances Smith, Hollis Butterfield and Miss Edna Tirrell, and "Scat," the parts in this being taken by the Misses Mina Dymant, Bernice Dana, Doris Fletcher and Pearl Blanchard. A minstrel chorus by Supt. Bate, Kathleen Fisher, Vida Talley, Mina Dymant, Edith Andrews and Pearl Chabourne with Raymond Chamberlain, Junior Johnson, Earl Tilley and Herbert Small, banjos, and Bernice Hines, piano, was much enjoyed. The recall was requested to by Mr. Bate, who sang two of three songs. Other features on the program were a vocal duet by Doris Fletcher and Mina Dymant; recitation, Ethel Russell, piano; duet, Bernice Hines and Eleanor Patterson; vocal duet, Bernice Hines and Eleanor Patterson; and piano solo by the Misses Alice and Edna Hines. A social dance followed.

George and Eva Reed have gone to the summit on a hunting trip.

A union meeting, presided over by F. H. Bate, was held at the United Baptist church, Sunday evening. After the song service speeches were made in regard to the Red Cross by J. P. Sawyer, Dr. F. W. Morse, G. L. Wadlin and F. M. Lamb.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Poland have returned to their home in West Boxbury, Mass., for the winter.

Mrs. Elvira J. Washburne, who is in poor health, has gone to Portland to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Ethel W. Hollis.

Francis H. Bate occupied the pulpit of the Universalist church, Sunday.

Asia F. Hayford is at Heald's camp,

Bangley, on a hunting trip.

Mr. and Mrs. John Briggs attended the meeting of Livermore Grange, Saturday, when the third and fourth degrees were conferred.

Mrs. Estella Bartlett is stopping with Mrs. Amy Stewart of Lewiston and receiving medical treatment.

A. J. Foster has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Leslie F. Roberts, and family of Richmond.

Mabel Blanchard Roberts is at Dr. Cousen's Hospital, Portland, where she submitted to an operation for appendicitis.

Rev. A. A. Blair of Livermore Falls gave a talk to the parishioners of the Universalist church, Thursday evening. Preceding the meeting a supper was served.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard L. Adams, who has been quite ill, is on the gain.

Edward Bradford of Mechanic Falls has been a guest of Nathaniel Thomas and family.

Mrs. Geo. Rose is on the sick list.

NORWAY

Norway High School held their annual fair, supper and drama Friday afternoon and evening. The booths were all well patronized and the entertainment drew a large crowd.

The ladies of the Universalist church held an all day meeting at the home of Mrs. M. W. Sampson on Friday.

Miss Julia High and daughter of Portland were guests of the former's sister, Mrs. F. E. Swan, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Burton Swan were recent guests of friends in Sanford.

Miss Genevieve Barker of Portland has been a recent guest of her mother, Mrs. Gertrude Barker.

Mrs. Laurence H. Denison is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jordan, in Bridgton.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Wight have moved to this village from Gilead.

Clem Ward of Rumford was in town a few days recently.

L. H. Denison was in Portland one day last week to visit his mother, Mrs. H. B. Denison, who is in the Maine General Hospital there.

Mrs. Sumner Parker is the guest of her son, Ralph Parker, in Portland.

Miss Doris Foster has gone to Brockton, Mass., where she is the guest of her father, Selton C. Foster.

Frank Lovejoy, Frank Moore and Cleve Goodwin were in Ketchum last week on a hunting trip, returning home empty handed.

Matthias McLucas of Boston has been a recent guest of his mother, Mrs. Lizzie McLucas, and his sister, Miss Emily McLucas.

F. D. Knightly of North Norway has purchased the Arthur Harriman place on Bridge street, and will take possession at once.

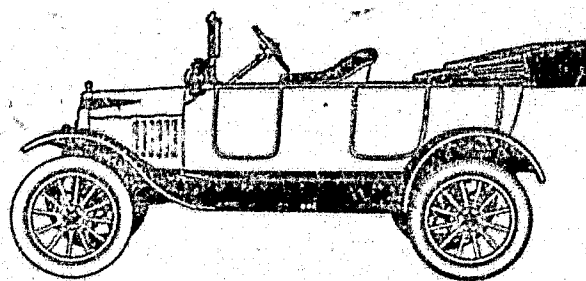
Charles Chaplin has moved his family from East Stoneham to this town.

The Barton Reading Club met Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Dorothea Horr at Fred D. Hosmer's.

Lewis R. Buswell has two fingers badly injured recently while cranking a Ford car.

Mr. and Mrs. John Goudy were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Norris at Augusta.

THE UNIVERSAL CAR



FORD TOURING CAR

Five-Passenger. May be purchased either with or without Ford Starting and Lighting System, and with or without Demountable Rims.

Demountable Rim Equipment includes 30 x 3 1/2 Non-Skid tires all around, extra rim and tire carrier.

Price with Starter and Demountable Rims, \$450 F. O. B. Detroit

HERRICK & COBB, Agents
BETHEL, MAINE

day afternoon with Mrs. Dorothea Horr at Fred D. Hosmer's.

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WEST BETHEL

The grammar and primary schools closed Wednesday for a short Thanksgiving recess.

Howard Bennett, who has been working for F. L. Ordway, has finished and gone to his home in Norway.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Martin and four children have moved from Hanover to this town and are living in the Philip Rolfe house.

Harry Reid was here with his family a few days last week from his work at South Paris.

E. L. Mason, who has been the guest of his brothers, George and Armonius Mason, will return to his home in Milford, N. H., this week. While here he did some hunting but failed to get a deer. He thinks they are not very plenty as he did not even see one.

Mrs. Lucy Cushing has returned from Presque Isle recently enjoyed a week's hunting trip at Grafton.

John Kennagh worked at Sunday River for a few days last week.

Harry Kassel has been ill recently.

from having teeth extracted.

Mrs. Alfreda Farwell and Miss Grace will be the guests of Mrs. J. C. Richardson and family at Gorham, N. H., for Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Helen Tyler expects to be with her son, Clarence Tyler, and family at Gorham, N. H., Thursday.

Mrs. D. W. Cushing was ill last week with a severe cold.

Miss Ethel Cole of Locke's Mills was the week end guest of Miss Laura Hutchinsop.

WEST GREENWOOD

A. F. Copeland was on Howe Hill, Monday, on business.

Marshall Hastings has a crew of men cutting pine on the Smith place.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Cross and Mr. and Mrs. Machia and daughter, Dorothy, were recent callers at George Conner's.

Sumner Bean was in town one day last week.

Dr. W. B. Twaddle made a professional call in town, Sunday.

Lillian Cross is spending a few days at her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Chase and relatives of Presque Isle recently enjoyed a week's hunting trip at Grafton.

John Kennagh worked at Sunday River for a few days last week.

L. F. PIKE CO.

Men's Clothing Stores

**Special Values---
MEN'S SUITS**

All Wool Brown Worsted Good Weight
\$19.50

This is a new lot of Suits just received. Sizes 36, 37, 38, 40

Extra Values if You Will Not Pay More.

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We are Showing the Latest in Styles and Dependable Fabrics.

MACKINAWS--Warm, Durable, Sensible

\$6.50 up to \$15. You Make a Big Saving from Last Year.

SWEATERS--Many Qualities, Colors, Styles

Large Variety of Underwear Styles

It will certainly pay you to come to Norway and South Paris and visit the stores.

NORWAY

Blue Stores

SOUTH PARIS

SOCIETY DIRECTORY

A cordial invitation is extended to strangers who belong to any of these organizations to visit meetings when in town.

BETHEL LODGE, F. & A. M., No. 97, meets in Masonic Hall the second Thursday evening of each month. E. P. Lyon, W. M.; Fred B. Merrill, Secretary.

PURITY CHAPTER, No. 102, O. E. S., meets in Masonic Hall the first Wednesday evening of each month. Mrs. Emma Van Den Kerckhoven, W. M.; Mrs. Pearl Tibbets, Secretary.

MT. ABRAM LODGE, No. 31, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall every Friday evening. Chester A. Cummings, N. G.; C. C. Bryant, Secretary.

SUNSET REBEKAH LODGE, No. 64, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall the first and third Monday evenings of each month. Constance Wheeler, N. G.; Anna French, Secretary.

SUDBURY LODGE, K. of P., No. 22, meets in Odd Fellows' Hall each Tuesday evening. Winfield Howe, C. O.; John Harrington, K. of R. and S.

NACCOMI TEMPLE, PYTHIAN SISTERS, No. 68, meets the 2nd and 4th Wednesday evening of each month at Grange Hall. Mrs. Lena Brinck, M. E. C. Mrs. Minnie Bennett, M. of R. & C.

BROWN POST, No. 84, G. A. R., meets at Odd Fellows' Hall the second and fourth Thursdays of each month. A. H. Hutchinson, Commander; I. C. Jordan, Adjutant; L. N. Bartlett, Q. M.

BROWN W. R. C., No. 36, meets in Odd Fellows' Hall the second and fourth Thursday evening of each month. Emily Forbes, Pres.; Eva Hastings, Secretary.

GEORGE A. MUNDT POST, No. 81, AMERICAN LEGION, meets the first Tuesday of each month in its rooms. R. R. Tibbets, Commander; Howard Tyler, Adjutant.

BETHEL GRANGE, No. 56, meets in their hall the first and third Thursday evenings of each month. A. F. Copeland, M.; Eva Hastings, Secretary.

"Cold in the Head"

Is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Those subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the system, cleanse the blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system, thus reducing the inflammation and restoring normal conditions. All Druggists. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

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The Citizen from now to
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NOTICE OF MEETING

To the Trustees of Gould's Academy of Bethel, Maine:

Whereas a vacancy exists in the office of secretary of said Trustees; and whereas only such secretary is authorized under the by-laws of said Academy to call a meeting of said Trustees; and whereas the undersigned upon application of three of said trustees has been authorized and directed by a Justice of the Peace to call a meeting of said trustees, in accordance with the statute in such case made and provided,

Now, therefore, by virtue of such authority, I hereby call a meeting of said Trustees of Gould's Academy and you are hereby notified thereof, to be held at the office of Herrick & Park, in said Bethel, on Thursday, December 1, 1921, at two o'clock in the afternoon, for the following purposes, viz:

- 1st. To choose a president, a vice-president, a secretary or clerk, a treasurer and an auditor for the ensuing year.
- 2nd. To choose an executive committee.
- 3d. To choose an examining committee.
- 4th. To choose a superintendent of the Academy and grounds.
- 5th. To choose any other necessary officers.
- 6th. To hear the reports of the examining committee, the executive committee, the treasurer and auditor.
- 7th. To act upon any other business which may properly come before said meeting.

ELLERY C. PARK,
Duly authorized to call said meeting

A romance of the Rhine ended tragically recently when Sergt. John Wolf of the army died shortly after returning to America with his young German bride. Penniless, following the illness of her husband, the widow was taken in charge by the American Legion of New York and will be sent back to her home at Coblenz with money contributed by the Legionnaires.

Where Ignorance is Bliss.
"If you read more you would know more."

"Yes, and miss all the sensational cases by getting rejected for jury duty."—American Legion Weekly.

Moral: Take a Chance.
The man who tries his best will not always win but he will win oftener than the man who doesn't try except when he knows he will win.—Boston Transcript

NATURE TELLS YOU

As Many a Bethel Reader Knows Too Well

When the kidneys are weak, Nature tells you about it. The urine is nature's index. Infrequent or too frequent passage. Other disorders suggest kidney ills. Doan's Kidney Pills are for disordered kidneys.

Bethel people testify to their worth. Ask your neighbor.

A. F. Copeland, farmer and hay contractor, Chapman St., Bethel, says: "My kidneys have often given me trouble, especially when traveling on the road selling goods. I blame the change of water and exposure for my trouble. I have been so bad with lumbago, I couldn't get straightened up once I was seated and my kidneys wouldn't act regularly. At times the secretions passed too frequently, and were scanty. I always go to Bosserman's Drug Store and get a box of Doan's Kidney Pills when troubled in this way. I use Doan's until the ailments become corrected. I recommend this remedy to anyone in need of a good kidney medicine."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Copeland had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

TRANSFERS PAY TO LEGION

Permanently Disabled Yank, Propped Up in Bed, Signs Over Bonus Check to Post.

A striking example of the gratitude of the nation's disabled veterans for those who have aided them in their hours of suffering came to the attention of Leo G. Prentice, post of the American Legion in Fairmount, Minn.

Cletus Lappin, a young soldier severely wounded on the battlefields of France and now in hospital, rated totally and permanently disabled, received a check for payment for the state bonus while taking treatment in a sanitarium at Fairmount.

Asking to be propped up in bed, Lappin endorsed the slip, good for several hundred dollars, to the Prentice post of the Legion. "When I needed help," said the boy who had given the best of his life to his country, "the Legion boys stood by me. Now I'm going to do my little bit to help them get those clubrooms they are after."



FARM FOR SALE

120 acres; 2 story house with ell and shed, barn 40x75, all converted, in good condition, with never failing water supply, bath, hot and cold water, individual drinking buckets for cattle. Cuts 35 tons hay, good pasture, good wood lot, smooth fields, 125 bearing apple trees, small fruit, strawberries and raspberries, on main road, in thrifty farming community, near neighbors. Telephone and R. F. D., 1 1/2 miles from South Paris village. Price, \$7,500. Including whole equipment of farm machinery, 17 cows, 2 heifers and hay. Half cash, balance on mortgage. For sale by

L. A. BROOKS, Real Estate Dealer
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE



When you are ready to store your battery leave it at Herrick Bros. Co. Garage. Batteries will be stored at the Willard Service Station at Rumford, where they will receive expert attention by people who specialize in the battery business.

Frost Battery Service, Rumford, Maine.

LOCAL AGENTS

Herrick Bros. Co.
Bethel, Maine

FATHER FOUND TWO-YEAR-OLD BOY VERY SICK

Was Constipated, Thin, No Appetite, Had Swollen Lips, Stomach Pains

A hardy woodsman and enthusiastic fisherman of Maine, has a very interesting record to report. He writes: "As a boy, thirty years ago, I began to take Dr. True's Elixir, the Family Laxative and Worm Expeller. Once after six months' hard work, I came out of the woods and found my two-year-old boy very sick. He was thin, had no appetite, had swollen lips, pains in stomach, was suffering from constipation for months."

"I had not been in the house an hour when an elderly lady—a good neighbor—came in and told my wife to get a bottle of Dr. True's Elixir, saying she had seen numbers of other cases which it had relieved."

"The boy was given a half dozen doses of Dr. True's Elixir, when he passed a lot of worms and right away began to show improvement; he began soon to eat with a relish, play around and look healthy. He did not have to take a full bottle, and in later years, whenever he got off his feet, a few doses would straighten him out quick."

"When I got constipated, a couple of teaspoons of Dr. True's Elixir, the Family Laxative and Worm Expeller, did me O. K."

"My son is grown up now and has a family of six children, and he has prac-

tically raised his family on Dr. True's Elixir. The children go out and get hold of something not good for them. It's hard to watch all the children, and so when they eat something they shouldn't and get sick, Dr. True's Elixir is given and the family is put in good shape again."

"I have read in the papers you have to take a half a dozen bottles of some remedies, but you don't have to do this with Dr. True's Elixir. Simply a few doses and then quick relief. The three generations of my family have been kept healthy by using it."

Symptoms of worms: Constipation, offensive breath, swollen upper lip, deranged stomach, occasional pains in the bowels, pale face, eyes heavy and dull, short dry cough, grinding of the teeth, red points on the tongue, starting during sleep, slow fever.

Nearly every child and grown-up needs a laxative sometime. The food parents safeguard the health of their children, as well as their own, by keeping their bowels in condition. In Dr. True's Elixir only pure herbs are used. No harmful drugs. Keep the bowels regular by using Dr. True's Elixir, the Family Laxative and Worm Expeller. Get the Family Size.

BATES COLLEGE NEWS

Physical Director Smith of Bates has entered into communication with the three other colleges of the state with the idea of establishing wrestling as an intercollegiate sport. He explains that there is a period between foot ball and the spring sports when many men, not interested in hockey or basket ball, desire to keep in condition without recourse to the regular "gym" classes. Such a sport as wrestling would provide this exercise in the right manner. Bates would only be following in the wake of many larger institutions should she succeed in taking this step. Many of these universities have a large number of so-called "minor sports," including tennis, wrestling, swimming, boxing, fencing and rifle shooting.

A new course in Physical Education has been announced, designed to acquaint those interested with the fundamentals of gymnasium work, and the correct manner of teaching it. A large number of the men are expected to register for this course, to be under the instruction of Watkins of Colgate, at present foot ball and hockey coach.

The Thanksgiving recess commenced at noon yesterday, Nov. 23, and will continue until next Monday, Nov. 29, classes beginning at 1:30. This is the first recess of the year.

The United Baptist church of Lewiston, which has been holding its services in the college chapel throughout the summer and fall, commemorated Sunday afternoon, at a community vesper service, the laying of the cornerstone of the new structure the day before. The college choir assisted with music, while the principal address of the evening was delivered by Dr. Hays, President of the Newton Theological Seminary.

President Gray returned this week from a trip across the continent in the interest of a larger endowment, as well as the raising of funds for the new gymnasium. Dr. Gray made a large number of stops on the way, addressing many associations of Bates Alumni, and helping in the formation of some new groups. Great results are anticipated from this excursion.

The debating team which meets Yale on Nov. 19 next has been announced, consisting of Robert Watts, '23, of Portland; William Young, '24, of Lewiston; both members of the team which last year defeated Yale '22, and William Ashton, '23, of Lewiston, who brings to this his first intercollegiate debate. The team looks fully as for midship as any which has represented the campus, despite the loss of Fairbank and Morse, who received their diplomas last June, after having taken part in the argument with Yale.

ALBANY

Guy Johnson and Charles McNulty were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Barker.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Woodcock were dinner guests of Abel Anderson, Monday.

The Ladies' Sewing Circle met at the center Nov. 4. The following of dress were discussed:

President—Mrs. Maple Bean
Vice-Pres.—Mrs. Clara Barker
Secretary—Mrs. Nancy Andrews
Treasurer—Mrs. Elvira Bean
Edith and Ruth Andrews, who have been spending a few days with their grandparents, returned to their home in Bryant's Pond, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Isiah Hamilton visited with Mr. and Mrs. Abel Anderson, Tuesday.

Fred Pierce and Vera Rick of Norway were recent visitors at Mattland Bird's.

SKILLINGTON

The Mothers' Club was held at Mrs. Maud Judkins, Wednesday afternoon, the last meeting of the year. All report a pleasant time.

Mrs. W. H. Griffin is confined to the house with a bad case of tonsillitis.

Mrs. Loton Hutchison is working in the mill.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Merrill were calling on friends here Sunday.

Clarence Judkins was down from Newry, Saturday.

Claude Heath returned with Clarence Judkins to spend Thanksgiving week at camp.

Mrs. Ada Merrill was a Sunday caller at Fannie Sanborn's.

Leon Eaman called Sunday at W. H. Griffin's.

Annie Heath was helping care for Mrs. Frank Heath, Sunday. Mrs. Heath is able to sit up at this writing.

Mrs. Mamie Wheeler was a Sunday caller at Charlie Wheeler's.

Ella Sanborn and Milan Chapin were Sunday callers here.

EAST BETHEL

Mr. George Harrington was a Sunday guest of Mr. and Mrs. Dana Harrington and family.

Miss Edna Bartlett is at home from teaching for Thanksgiving week. G. A. students will be at home for Thursday and Friday.

Schools closed here Friday afternoon. Very interesting exercises were enjoyed and several visitors present.

Mrs. Ceylon Kimball was last week's guest of Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Allen and family at South Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Simpson of Rumford are moving to their new home, the Ralph Richardson farm, on the Locke's Mills road recently purchased.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Swan and family of Locke's Mills were Sunday guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Swan.

Mr. Pearl Mason and hunting party have broke camp at Middle Six Club Camp, Andover Surplus, and returned to their home in Massachusetts.

Many hunters have been out the past two weeks. Mr. Keith Field was the successful hunter here, bringing home a nice deer from his hunting trip.

Mrs. Ella Bartlett and Mrs. Octavia Bean are enjoying Thanksgiving week, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lester F. Bean, Phillips, Me.

Mrs. May Farwell gathered pansies from her garden Nov. 23. These pansies are brilliantly handsome and very happy looking as they are to decorate her Thanksgiving dinner table.

GROVER HILL

Mr. and Mrs. Robert York and daughters from Bethel were Sunday callers at Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Grover's.

Allen and Erwin Hutchison are cutting birch for Almon Tyler for a few days.

Whitney Hackett has had some hay moved from his farm to Albany to his old mother's farm for future use.

Allen Hutchison was one of the busy hunters in securing a deer last Friday in Maine.

Ed Morse and boys cut some timber for E. J. Tyler, which they are going to land on the river later.

Last week J. D. Thibault went to Norway and purchased a horse to mate the one he had.

The school children are enjoying the Thanksgiving recess this week.

Miss Evelyn Whitman was the over night guest of her friend, Miss Eleanor Tison, Friday.

Fran Brown and A. J. Peaslee were at Mr. Brown's home, Sunday.

A COLD TODAY—DON'T DELAY

Cure Colds in 24 Hours

Laxative in 3 Days

The Story of Our States

By JONATHAN BRACE
IV.—GEORGIA



ON JANUARY 2, 1788, Georgia accepted the Constitution and became the fourth state in the Union.

The settlement of Georgia was conceived as a buffer against the depredations of the Spaniards and Indians, whose invasions of South Carolina had reached a climax in 1715 with a raid in which four or five hundred settlers had been massacred. To protect South Carolina from future invasions James Oglethorpe planned a colony to the south, and in 1732 he obtained from George II a grant of land. The new territory was consequently named Georgia, after the king. The deed stated that the land was granted "in trust for the poor." This referred to Oglethorpe's plan to have as the settlers the insolvent debtors who, according to the laws of that time in England, were cast into prison. Many of these were released from prisons and, re-enforced by some Germans and Scotch Highlanders, founded the town of Savannah in 1733 and rapidly spread up and down the coast, where successful plantations of rice and indigo soon became established. Georgia continued to prosper until the population of its 59,295 square miles entitled it to a representation of 13 presidential electors. (By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The KITCHEN CABINET

I will strive to raise my own body and soul daily into all the higher powers of duty and happiness not in rivalry or contention with others but for the help, delight and honor of others and for the joy and peace of my own life.—John Ruskin.

THE UBIQUITOUS LEFTOVER.

She is an artist, who can take yesterday's scraps and with a few strokes of her deft fingers produce a symphony in food combination. It is the unwashed, unexpected and results of blunders and inexperience which cause leftovers which are so hard to dispose of.

There are two kinds of leftovers, those we planned and those thrust upon us. When we cook potatoes enough at one time to cream at another, we plan wisely, using the same meat, saucepan and time to serve for two processes.

The leftover is always with us and it depends upon the shiftness of thrifty house wife whether she will weekly "end all" and supply the garbage pail or brace up and tackle a salad, a soup, hash or croquettes. Pieces of good string, which one need not waste time in untying, may be wound in a ball and a piece of string for a parcel is always at hand. Some saving housekeepers knit this string into wash cloths and dish cloths.

A drawer with compartments should be in every well-equipped kitchen where a few nails, brads, tacks, a screw driver and hammer, pair of pliers and other often used tools are to be found in a hurry. Such an equipment will save time, the most valuable of all our possessions.

It would be appalling if we knew the carloads of bits of soap that are wasted every year in our country. In an ordinary sized household there will be plants of scraps which by reeking in water may be used as soft soap or put into the m. line when washing. The practice in some homes to save the small pieces is a good one to follow. This may be done with toilet soap, wetting both the new and the old and letting them dry for a few hours; they will never separate. If this practice is followed there will never be bits of soap to throw away as litter to melt.

Nellie Maxwell

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

Outdoors alone on summer nights I'd send my soul on lofty flights But I'm forever occupied in warding off mosquito bites.



High Grade Preferred Stocks are advancing in price.

Some 7% Preferred stocks, with dividend records little, if any, longer than that of Central Maine Power Company Preferred, are advancing in price and selling now at \$108 to \$112 per share.

Yet these stocks are not tax exempt in Maine, while ours is.

They are not legal investments for Maine savings banks, while our preferred stock is.

They are industrials and thus subject to competition, hard times, etc.; from which our company, by the nature of its service, is largely exempt.

The companies that issue these securities are located outside the state, while ours is located within the state.

Money invested in these stocks will not help Maine. Money invested in our preferred stock goes right to work to develop Maine power, extend lines etc.—all for the upbuilding of Maine.

For you, the people of Maine, which is the better investment?

If you think as our over 7,000 stockholders do, that our preferred stock is the logical investment for Maine people, invest in it today.

The price is \$107.50 a share, the yield 6 1-2% net.

Central Maine Power Co.

AUGUSTA, MAINE

NOVEMBER

By Bernice Watson Patterson
Some say that November's dreary,
I can't quite understand;
I know it is quiet and cloudy
But I think it is simply grand

For this is the month Dame Nature
Is putting her children to bed;
She croons and snuggles her babies
And tucks in each little head,
Then covers them all with a blanket
Of purest and whitest hue,
And there they sleep until Springtime
All the long cold winter through.

November's the earth children's bedtime,
When they all begin their long rest,
And while some folks call it lonesome
I really think it's the best.

LOOKE'S MILLS

The concert given at the Union church Monday closed the singing school of Scott Wight of Bethel and was enjoyed by all.

Doris Keene left Saturday for her home in Poland to spend at week's vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stowell visited Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Rowe at Bryant's Pond.

Mrs. King Bartlett and daughter, Gwendolyn, were at South Paris, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Demeritt have been entertaining company from West Bethel.

Prof. and Mrs. Slye have closed their cottage for the season and returned to their home in Boston.
Mrs. L. D. Pettengill was in Lewiston the week end.

"Roy Brown of Berlin, N. H., was in town, Sunday.

Scoutmaster Pettengill with the Scout Troop are on a hike to Overset Pond.

Envelopes from 6 cents to 20 cents per bunch, and paper from 10 cents to 25 cents per pound at the Citizen Office.

Same Old Thing.
Jud Tunkins says the man who always wants the most of everything he sees eventually finds that the musician with the bass fiddle isn't any better off than the boy with the whistle.—Washington Star.

Wisdom.
Every man makes a fool of himself occasionally, but the wise ones are those who don't make mistakes as often as the others.—Atchison Globe.

PIPELESS CLARION FURNACES

Features of these Furnaces are

- Large, deep Ash Pit, readily accessible for thorough clearing.
- Revolving, four bar, dock ash triangular Coal Grate, easy to operate, best for running a clean, continuous coal fire. Bars easily removed for repairs.
- Flat, perforated Wood Grate made to rest on the Coal Grate, easily removed or replaced for change of fuel.
- Straight, two piece Fire Pot, best design for coal or wood.
- Large Water Pan, holds two gallons, right in the most convenient location under the feed door, covered to keep the water clean.
- Dust Pipe running from ash pit to radiator bottom, back of water pan takes care of flying ashes when coal grate is turned or shaken.
- Radiator with straight wall and sloping bottom, fitted with indirect cast iron flue, readily cleaned. The eight inch smoke collar passes through the outside casings.
- Double Feed Doors, with opening thirteen inches wide, fifteen and one-half inches high, very convenient for large sticks of wood.
- Duplex Grating in nickel finish, fitted to and furnished with casings.

We have a new assortment of Nippon China, Landscape Design.
Also a large assortment of high quality White Ware.
Prices are much lower. Call and look over our line.

G. L. THURSTON CO.
BETHEL, MAINE

Sis
KATH
NORI

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KATHLEEN MORRIS

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—With his Alix and Cherry, the latter years old, and his piece, Strickland, being at the time, a short distance from the city, Martin Lloyd, a young man, falls in love with and engaged to Cherry.

CHAPTER II.—While speculating as to Lloyd's intentions brings him to supper, naming her engagement.

CHAPTER III.—Doctor Cherry is too young to marry to wait at least a year, coaxing him into agreeing wedding and the ceremony the couple leave at once where Martin is employed.

CHAPTER IV.—The boy over, Cherry begins to feel satisfaction with Martin as one of her daily life.

CHAPTER V.—At the Little, lawyer, becomes engaged to the wedding, being at the time, a short distance from the city, Martin Lloyd, a young man, falls in love with and engaged to Cherry.

"If he doesn't, I shall fretted to herself, in a long noontime, toward the August. Martin, who had been poker the night before, late this morning. At three o'clock dazed with clear smoke, he had his wife to tell her that "dead" in the morning, had accordingly crept about noiselessly, had darkened room and eaten her own without the clatter of a she was sitting by the wing in the noon heat. She, as it chanced, of the at home and of a certain one of their happy days ago, when she had lain for hour on the soft forest floor, idly through the branches, and she thought, with his mild voice, smile; and some emotion, fear, came over her. For she asked herself in honest ment, why she had married.

The heat of pened and she wore on. Martin walked a headachy, and having trusted himself with strong eggs, departed into the dusky furnace out-of-doors, brown hills shimmered and "Emmy Younger" looked its ugliest, its least attractive. There was a shadow in way; she looked up surprised minute the tall figure in and the smiling face under cry that seemed those of a Thin Cherry cried out and in another instant was Alis's arms.

Alix cried, too, but it was great rush of pity and tend Cherry. Alis had not, young novelty to soften the outline "Emmy Younger" and she frankly wrote later to her last convinced that there is The heat and bareness and of the mine might have looked, but this poor little Cherry's, this tin sink Pump, and the bathroom will faucets nor drain, almost Alis with their discomfort.

Even more bewildering change in Cherry. There was tain hardness that impressed once. There was a weary silence, a distinctened conception of the drabness of married life.

But she allowed the young to see nothing of this. In fact so brightened under the all Alis's companionship that Martin that she was more like her than she had been for months. Cherry's, this tin sink Pump, and the bathroom will faucets nor drain, almost Alis with their discomfort.

She gave them spirited account of her life. "He's a nice little fellow," she said of June. "If he had a flatiron and he'd probably weigh thirty pounds! He's a new-looking youth, if you want I mean! I always wear a crash towel and dry him of that." Cherry said, with a pride in her own man's fine height and "He's not really. Only it seems to belong to the oldest in America, or something, and only descendant."

"Money?" Cherry asked, "No, I don't think money. At least I know he is getting drier a month in his uncle's law and Dad thinks they ought to until they have a little more, have something, you know."

Sisters

KATHLEEN NORRIS

Copyright © KATHLEEN NORRIS

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—With his two daughters, Alex and Cherry, the latter just eighteen years old, and his niece, Anne, Doctor Strickland is living at El Nido, a short distance from San Francisco. His closest friend is Peter Joyce, something of a recluse. Waiting in the vicinity, Martin Lloyd, mining engineer, engaged to Cherry.

CHAPTER II.—While the family is speculating as to Lloyd's intentions, Cherry brings him to supper, practically announcing her engagement to him.

CHAPTER III.—Doctor Strickland feels Cherry is too young to marry and urges her to wait at least a year, but the girl coaxes him into agreeing to an immediate wedding and the ceremony takes place, the couple leaving at once for El Nido, where Martin is employed.

CHAPTER IV.—The honeymoon days over, Cherry begins to feel a vague dissatisfaction with Martin and the monotony of her daily life.

CHAPTER V.—At Mill Valley, Justin Little, lawyer, becomes engaged to Anne, the wedding being set for September, some months distant. Alex visits Cherry at El Nido and the two girls coax Martin into allowing Cherry to go home for Anne's wedding.

"If he doesn't, I shall be sick!" he fretted to himself, in a certain burning noontime, toward the middle of August. Martin, who had been playing poker the night before, was sleeping late this morning. Coming home at three o'clock dazed with close air and cigar smoke, he had awakened his wife to tell her that he would be "dead" in the morning, and Cherry had accordingly crept about her dressing noiselessly, had darkened the bedroom and eaten her own breakfast without the clatter of a dish. Now she was sitting by the window, panting in the noon heat. She was thinking, as it chanced, of the big forest at home and of a certain day—just one of their happy days—only a year ago, when she had lain for a dreamy hour on the soft forest floor, staring up idly through the laced fanlike branches, and she thought of her father, with his mild voice and ready smile, and some emotion, almost like fear, came over her. For the first time she asked herself, in honest bewilderment, why she had married.

The heat she perceived and strengthened and increased as the burning day wore on. Martin awoke up, hot and headachy, and having further distressed himself with strong coffee and eggs, departed into the dusty, motionless furnace out-of-doors. The far brown hills shimmered and swam, the "Emmy Younger" looked its best, its ugliest, its least attractive, "if" there was a shadow in the doorway; she looked up surprised. For a minute the tall figure in striped linen and the smiling face under the floppy hat seemed those of a stranger. Then Cherry cried out and laughed, and in another instant was crying in Alex's arms.

Alex cried, too, but it was with a great rush of pity and tenderness for Cherry. Alex had not, young love and novelty to soften the outlines of the "Emmy Younger" and she felt, as she frankly wrote later to her father, "at last convinced that there is a hell!" The heat and bareness and ugliness of the mine might have been overlooked, but this poor little house of Cherry's, this wood stove draining white ashes, this tin sink with its pump, and the bathroom with neither faucets nor drain, almost bewildered Alex with their discomfort.

Even more bewildering was the change in Cherry. There was a certain hardening that impressed Alex at once. There was a weary sort of patience, a diffident concession to the drabness of married life.

But she allowed the younger sister to see nothing of this. Indeed, Cherry so brightened under the stimulus of Alex's companionship that Martin told her that she was more like her old self than she had been for months. Joyously she divided her responsibilities with Alex, explaining the difficulties of marketing and housekeeping, and joyously Alex assumed them. Her vitality infected the whole household.

She gave them spirited accounts of Anne's affair. "He's a nice little academic fellow," she said of Justin Little. "If he had a flattery in each hand he'd probably weigh close to a hundred pounds! He's a—well, a sort of damp-looking youth, if you know what I mean! I always want to take a crash towel and dry him off!"

"Crash Anne with a shrump like that?" Cherry said, with a proud look at her own man's fine height. "He sounds awfully to me."

"He's not really. Only it seems that he belongs to the oldest family in America, or something, and is the only descendant—"

added, after a moment's thought. "Your cousin?" Martin asked. "Well, her father went into the fire-extinguisher thing with Dad," Alex elucidated, "and evidently she and Justin have had deep, soulful thoughts about it. Anyway, the other day she said—you know her way, Cherry—'Tell me, Uncle, frankly and honestly, may Justin and I draw out my share for that little home that is going to mean so much to us—'"

"I can hear her!" giggled Cherry. "Dad immediately said that she could, of course," Alex went on. "He was adorable about it. He said, 'It will do more than build you a little home, my dear!'"

"We'll get a slice of that some time," Cherry said thoughtfully, glancing at her husband. "I don't mean when Dad dies, either," she added, in quick affection. "I mean that he might build us a little home some day in Mill Valley."

"Gee, how he'd love it!" Alex said, enthusiastically. "I married Cherry for her money," Martin confessed.

"As a matter of fact," Cherry contradicted him, vivaciously, animated even by the thought of a change and a home, "we have never even spoken of it before, have we, Mart?"

"I never heard of it before," he admitted, smiling, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe. "But it's pleasant to know that Cherry will come in for a nest-egg some day!"

Presently the visitor boldly suggested that she and Cherry should both go home together for the wedding, and Martin agreed good-naturedly.

"But, Mart, how'll you get along?" his wife asked anxiously. She had fumed and fussed and pattered and tolled over the care of these four rooms for so long that it seemed unbelievable that her place might be vacated even for a day.

"Oh, I'll get along fine!" he answered indifferently. So, on the last day of August, in the cream-colored silk and the expensive hat again, yet looking, Alex thought, strangely unlike the bride that had been Cherry, she and her sister happily departed for the train, kissed his sister-in-law gaily and then his wife affectionately.

"Be a good little girl, Babe," he said, "and write me!"

"Oh, I will—I will!" Cherry looked after him smilingly from the car window. "He really is an old dear!" she told Alex.

CHAPTER VI.

But when at the end of the long day they reached the valley, and when her father came innocently into the garden and stood staring vaguely at her for a moment—for her visit and the day of Alex's return had been kept a secret—her first act was to burst into tears. She clung to the fatherly shoulders as if she were a storm-beaten bird safely home again, and although she immediately laughed at herself and told the sympathetically watching Peter and Alex that she didn't know what was the matter with her, it was only to interrupt the words with fresh tears.

Tears of joy, she told them, laughing at the moisture in her father's eyes. She had a special joyous word for Hong; she laughed and teased and questioned Anne, when Anne and Justin came back from an afternoon concert in the city, with an interest and enthusiasm most gratifying to both.

After dinner she had her old place on the arm of her father's porch chair; Alex, with Duck's smooth head in her lap, sat on the porch seat beside Peter, and the lovers murmured from the darkness of the hammock under the shadow of the rose vine. It was happy talk in the sweet evening coolness; everybody seemed harmonious and in sympathy tonight.

"Bedtime!" said her father presently, and she laughed in sheer pleasure. "Faddy—that sounds so nice again!"

"But you do look fagged and pale, little girl," he told her. "You're to stay in bed in the morning."

"Oh, I'll be down!" she assured him. But she did not come in the morning, none the less. She was tired in soul and body and glad to let them spoil her again, glad to rest and sleep in the heavenly peace and quiet of the old home.

Late in the afternoon, rested, fresh, and her old sweet self in the white ruffles, she came down to join them. They had settled themselves under the redwoods. Anne and Justin, Peter and Alex and Duck, the dog, all jumped up to greet her. Cherry very quietly subsided into a wicker chair, listened rather than talked, moved her lovely eyes affectionately from one to another.

Peter hardly moved his eyes from her, although he did not often address her directly; Justin was quite



Late in the Afternoon She Came Down to Join Them.

obviously overcome by the unexpected beauty of Anne's cousin; Anne herself, with an undisciplined pang, admitted in her soul that Cherry was prettier than ever; and even Alex was affected. With the lovely background of the forest, the shadow of her thin wide hat lightly shading her face, with the dew of her long sleep and recent bath enhancing the childish purity of her skin, and with her blue eyes full of content, Cherry was a picture of exquisite youth and grace and charm.

The evening was cooler, with sudden wind and a promise of storm. They grouped themselves about a fire in the old way; Anne and Justin sat close together on the settle, as Martin and Cherry had done a year ago. Cherry sat next her father, with her hand linked in his; neither hand moved for a long, long time. Alex, sitting on the floor, with her lean cheeks painted by the fire, played with the dog and rallied Peter about some love affair, the details of which made him laugh vexedly in spite of himself. Cherry watched them, a little puzzled at the familiarity of Peter beside this fire; had he been so entirely one of the family a year ago? She could almost envy him, feeling herself removed by so long and strange a twelvemonth.

"Be that as it may, my dear," said Alex, "the fact remains that you taught this Fenton woman to drive your car, didn't you? And you told her that she was the best woman driver you ever knew, a better driver even than Miss Strickland; didn't you?"

"I did not," Peter said, unmovedly smoking and watching the fire.

"Why, Peter, you did! She said you did!"

"Well, then, she said what is not true!"

"She distinctly told me," Alex remarked, "that dear Mr. Joyce had said that she was the best woman driver he ever saw."

"Well, I may have said something like that," Peter growled, flushing. Alex laughed exultingly. "I tell you I taught her!" he added.

"Taddy, we have a lovely home!" Cherry said softly, her eyes moving from the stubby books and the shining rug to Alex's piano shining in the gloom of the far corner. It was all homelike and pleasant, and somehow the atmosphere was newly inspiring to her; she had felt that the talk at dinner, the old career controversy about books and science and politics, perhaps, but worth while. She was beginning to think Peter extremely clever and only Alex's quick tongue a match for him, and to feel that her father knew every book and had seen every worthwhile play in the world.

Martin, whose deep dissatisfaction with conditions at the "Emmy Younger Mine" Cherry well knew, had entered into a correspondence some months before relative to a position at another mine that seemed better to him, and instead of coming down for a day or two at the time of Anne's wedding, as Cherry had hoped he might, wrote her that the authorities at the Red Creek plant had "jumped at him," and that he was closing up all his affairs at the "Emmy Younger" and had arranged to ship all their household effects direct to the new home. Martin told his wife generously that he hoped she would stay with her father until the move was completed, and Cherry, with a clear conscience, established herself in her old room. She wrote constantly to her husband and often spoke appreciatively of Martin's kindness.

Alex's marriage took place in mid-September. It was a much more formal and elaborate affair than Cherry had been, because, as Anne explained, "Fenny's people have been so generous about giving him up, you know. After all, he's the last of the Littles!"

all the others are Foxtons and Randall. And I want them to realize that he is marrying a gentleman!"

Cherry and Alex went upstairs after the ceremony, as Alex and Anne had done a year ago, but there was deep relief and amusement in their mood today, and it was with real pleasure in the closer intimacy that the little group gathered about the fire that night.

After that, life went on serenely, and it was only occasionally that the girls were reminded that Cherry was a

married woman with a husband expecting her shortly to return to him. November passed, and Christmas came, and there was some talk of Martin's joining them for Christmas. But he did not come; he was extremely busy at the new mine and comfortable in a village boarding house.

It was in early March that Alex spoke to her father about it; spoke in her casual and vague fashion, but gave him food for serious thought, nevertheless.

"Dad," said Alex suddenly at the lunch table one day when Cherry happened to be shopping in the city, "were you and mother ever separated when you were married?"

"No—," the doctor, remembering, shook his head. "Your mother never was happy away from her home!"

"Not even to visit her own family?" persisted Alex.

"Not ever," he answered. "We always planned a long visit in the East—but she never would go without me. She went to your Uncle Vincent's house in Palo Alto once, but she came home the next day—didn't feel comfortable away from home!"

"How long do you suppose Martin will let us have Cherry?" Alex asked. Her father looked quickly at her and a troubled expression crossed his face.

"The circumstances seem to make it wise to keep her here until he is sure that this new position is the right one!" he said.

"If I know anything about Martin," Alex said, "no position is ever going to be the right one for him. I mean," she added as her father gave her an alarmed look, "I simply mean that he is that sort of a man, and it seems to me—odd the way he and Cherry take their marriage! She doesn't seem like other married women. And the thing is, will she ever want to go back, if she isn't rather coerced?"

Martin is odd, you know; he has a kind of stolid, stupid pride. He wrote her weeks ago and asked her to come, and she wrote back that if he would find her a cottage, she would; she couldn't go to his boarding house, she hated boarding! Martin answered that he would, some day, and she said to me, 'Oh, new he's cross!' Now, mind you," Alex broke off vehemently, "I'd change the entire institution of marriage, if it was me! I'd end all this!"

"Well, we won't go into that!" her father interrupted her, hastily, for Alex had aired these views before and he was not in sympathy with them. "And I guess you're right: the child is a woman now, with a woman's responsibilities," he added. "And her place is with her husband. They'll have to solve life together, to learn together. I'll speak to Cherry!"

Alex, watching him walk away, thought that she had never seen Dad dimpling mischievously. "He wrote quite firmly, just before Christmas," she added, "but I told him that Dad had been such an angel and liked so much to have me here—"

And Cherry's smile was full of childish triumph. "My dear," her father said, spurred to sudden courage by a realization that the matter might easily become serious, "you mustn't abuse his generosity. Suppose you write that you'll join him—this is March—suppose you say the first of April!"

Cherry flushed and looked down. Her lips trembled. There was a moment of unhappy silence.

"Very well, Dad," she said in a low voice. A second later she had jumped to her feet and vanished in the house. Her father roamed the woods in wretched misgivings, coming in at lunch time to find her in her place, smiling, but traces of tears about her lovely eyes.

"Nothing more was said for a day or two, and then Cherry read aloud to the family an affectionate letter in which Martin said that everything would be ready for her whenever she came now."

CHAPTER VII.

The last day of March and of Cherry's visit broke clear and blue, and with it spring seemed to have come on a rush of perfume and green beauty. Days had been soft and warm before; this day was hot, and flushed with color and splendor.

Alex and Cherry washed each other's hair in the old fashion, and came trailing down with towels and combs to the garden. The doctor joined them in the midst of their toying and spreading, and sat smoking peacefully on the porch steps.

"Oh, heavens, how I love this sort of weather!" Alex exclaimed, flinging her brown mane backward, her tall figure slender in a faded kimono. "Dad and Peter," she went on, suddenly sitting erect, "will get all this nice clean hair full of clear smoke tonight, so what's the use, anyway?"

"Tonight's the night we go to Peter's!" Cherry stated rather than asked. "Do you remember," she glanced at her father, who was reading his paper, "do you remember when Dad always used to scold us for being rude to Peter?"

"Well, I'd rather go to Peter's for dinner than anywhere else I ever go!" Alex remarked, dreamily. "Seriously, I mean it!" she repeated as Cherry looked at her in amused surprise. "In the first place, I love his bungalow—tiny as it is, it has the whole of a little canyon to itself, and the prettiest view in the valley, I think. And then I love the messy sitting room, with all the books and music, and I love the way Peter entertains. I wish," she added, simply, "that I liked Peter half as well as I do his house!"

"Peter's a dear!" Cherry contended. "Oh, I know he is!" Alex said, quickly. "Peter's always been a dear, of course. But I mean in a special sense—" flushed Alex with an entirely unembarrassed grin.

Cherry, through a glittering cloud of hair, looked at her gleefully. Suddenly she gave an odd laugh.

"Do you know I never thought of Peter like that!" she said. Alex nodded with a cautious look at her father, who was out of hearing.

"So, nor I! We've always taken him rather for granted," she admitted. "Only I've been rather wishing, lately, that Peter wasn't such an unflattering, big-brotherish, every-day-neighbor sort of person."

Cherry regarded her steadily, with an awakening look in her eyes.

"Why lately?" she asked. "Because," said Alex, briskly and unromantically, "I think Peter would like me to—well, to stop taking him for granted! I imagine he's awfully lonely. And then I imagine it would please Dad—"

"Dad has always been ridiculously fond of him," Cherry said, thoughtfully. Peter—possibly in love with Alex! She had never even suspected it. Well, there was something rather pleasant in the thought, after all, if Alex didn't mind his ugliness and thinness. Cherry thought about it all day. She had no thought of money a year or two ago; but she was more experienced now. And Peter was rich. Ordinarily she would have said that she was not going to change for Peter's dinner; but this afternoon, without mentioning the fact, she quietly got into one of her prettiest dresses; a dress that had been made in the long-ago excitement of troupeau days. Peter was a rather automatic and critical neighbor was one thing; as a possible brother-in-law he was another.

She came downstairs to find her father waiting, and they walked away through the woods together. Alex had already gone up to Peter's house to play tennis. They walked slowly through the lovely aisles of the trees, crossing a road or two, climbing steadily upward under great redwoods. Cherry's skirt brushed the gold dust from mounds and masses of buttercups. The tennis was over, but just over; Peter and Alex were sitting, still panting, on the rail of the wide, open porch, and awaited as the others came up.

"You missed doubles!" called Alex. "The grandest we ever did! Doubles with the Thompsons and three sets straight to us—six-two, six-two, and six-two against! They're gone. Oh, heavens, I never had such tennis. Oh, Peter, when you stood there at the net and just curved your hand like a cup—"

Alex gave an enthusiastic imitation "and over she went, and game and set!"

Cherry, sinking white and flustered into a chair, smiled indulgently. The walk had given her a wild-rose color, and even Alex was struck with her extra-

ordinary beauty. Alex had wheeled about on the rail to face the porch, and Peter had gotten to his feet and was hospitably pushing basket chairs about. Now he gave Alex a critical look.

"You're disgracefully dirty!" he said, fraternally.

"I know it," she answered, calmly. "Have I time to tub?"

"All the time in the world!" he answered.

Alex departed.

"It's very pleasant to me to have Alex so much at home here," Cherry said, when Alex was gone, and the doctor wandering happily about the garden. "I don't know what we'd do if any one ever usurped our places here!"

She had said it deliberately; the fascination of her recent discovery was too strong to resist. The man flushed suddenly. For a full minute he did not speak, and Cherry was surprised to find herself a little thrilled and even frightened by his silence.

"What put that into your head?" he asked, presently, smoking with his eyes fixed upon the valley far below.

"Perhaps it's because there are so many changes, Peter; my marriage, Anne's—everything different! It just came to me that it is nice to have this always the same."

"Perhaps Alex will come up here and help keep it so some day," she said, the man said, deliberately. Cherry's look of elaborate surprise and pleasure faded before his serious glance. She was silent for a moment.

"Why don't you ask her?" she said in a low, thoughtful tone, trembling, eager to preserve his mood without a false note.

"I have," he answered simply. Cherry's heart jumped with a sudden unexpected emotion. What was it? Not pleasure, not at all surprise—surely there could be no jealousy mixed with her feeling for Peter's plans? But she was dazed with the rush of feeling; hurt in some fashion she could not stop to dissect now.

"And she said no?" she stammered in confusion.

"She said no. Or, at least, I intended that I was a lonely old affectionate man with this and that to offer, and she intimated that that wasn't enough. I ought to have said—I ought to explain—that I had told her, only a few days previously, that I had always loved somebody else!"

"Oh-h-h!" Cherry was enlightened. She visualized an affair in the last years of the old century for Peter.

"Oh, and—she didn't love you?" Cherry asked.

"The lady? She was unfortunately married before I had a chance to ask her," said Peter.

"Oh-h-h!" Cherry said again, impressed, "and you'll never get over it?" she asked, timidly. "Peter, I never knew that!" she added as he was silent. "Does—does Dad know?"

"Nobody knows but Alex, and she only knows the bare facts," he assured her.

"Oh!" Cherry could think of nothing to add to the sympathetic little monosyllable.

"Finished with the shower!" shrieked Alex from the warm darkness inside the doorway. "Hurry up, Peter, something smells utterly grand!"

"That's the chicken thing!" Peter shouted back, springing up to disappear in the direction of the bathroom. Cherry sat on, silent, wrapped still in the new spell of the pleasant voice, the strangely appealing and yet masterful personality.

The dinner straggled as all Peter's dinners did; Alex mixed a salad dressing; Peter himself flashed in and out of the tiny, hot kitchen a hundred times. Now, in immaculate linen, came back and forth in leisurely table-setting. Suddenly everything was ready; the crisp, smoking-hot French loaf, the big, brown jar of bubbling and odorless chicken, the lettuce curled in its bowl, the long-necked bottles in their straw cases, and cheeses and crackers and olives and figs and, tiny fish in oil and marmos in fluted paper that were a part of all Peter's dinners.

After dinner they watched the moon rise, until Alex drifted in to the piano and Peter followed her, and the others came in, too, to sit beside the fire. As usual it was midnight before any one thought of ending one of Peter's evenings.

And all through the pleasant, quiet hours, and when he bundled them up in his own big loose coats to drive them home, Cherry was thinking of him in this new light; Peter loving a woman, and desiring. The knowledge seemed to fling a strange glamour about him; she saw new charm in him, or perhaps, as she told herself, she saw for the first time how charming he really was. His speech seemed actually the pleasantest for the stammer at which they had all laughed so long ago; the slight flap, the lean touch of individuality, and the man's blunt criticisms of books and music, politics and people, were softened by his humor, his genuine humility, and his eager hospitality.

Next day she took occasion to mention Peter and his affairs to Alex. Alex turned very red, but laughed heartily.

"If he considers that an offer, he can consider it a refusal, I guess," she said, boyishly embarrassed. "I like him—I'm crazy about him. But I don't want any party in rinklets and crinolines to come flooding from the dead past over my child's innocent cranio—"

"Alex, you're awful!" Cherry laughed. "You couldn't talk that way if you loved him!"

Continued next week



The Last of the Littles.

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1921.

RUMFORD

The fair held by the ladies Auxiliary of the Methodist church on Monday of last week was most successful, and about \$200 was realized from the affair.

Miss Cora Howe is at the home of her brother, Elliott W. Howe, of Franklin street, where she is convalescing from a recent attack of the grip.

John Russell of Aberdeen, Scotland, has recently arrived in this country, and is living at present here with his sister, Mrs. James Wishart. Mrs. David M. Russell, who now intends to locate here, and will later be joined by his wife and children from Scotland.

H. L. Foster and family have moved from their home on Lincoln avenue. The rent at 10 Uppelhart street, vacated by them, will be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, who for sometime past have been making their home with their son, Louis Hammond and family of 29 Uppelhart street.

The death of Noel LaVasseur occurred last week at his home on Waldo street after an illness of six months, although the immediate cause of his death being a shock which he suffered about two weeks ago. He is survived by his wife, six children, a number of grandchildren and one brother, who is a priest in the Middle West. He was 71 years of age, and had been a resident of Rumford for the past twenty years. The funeral was from St. Athanasius church, Rev. Fr. Harvey officiating. Burial was in the Catholic cemetery.

Mrs. Frank Smith is employed as cashier at the store of the E. K. Day Company. Mr. Smith is working in Winthrop.

Mrs. Annie Cyr and Mrs. Emelda Joblin are assisting on the clerking force of the E. K. Day store. Both are former employees of the store.

Miss Nellie McMenamin, head clerk in the basement department of the E. K. Day store, will leave soon on a business trip to New York.

Rumford's new store at 95 Congress street has recently been opened. This is known as "The United One Cent to 99 Cent Store," C. V. Libby being the manager of it.

Rumford friends have received word of the birth of a six pound daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mathieu of Pawtucket, R. I. Mrs. Mathieu, who was Miss Margaret Barrett, was formerly employed in the Rumford National Bank.

James Cook is spending a time in Portland with relatives.

Mrs. John Bennett has been quite ill at her home on Knox street.

Mr. and Mrs. Aretas Stearns have been called to Hot Springs, Arkansas, by the serious illness of Mr. Stearns' brother, who has recently suffered a shock.

Mrs. Nathan P. Isaacson will substitute as organist at the Rumford Universalist church this winter. During the absence of the regular organist, Miss Margaret McKenzie, who is spending the winter in St. Petersburg, Fla.

Walter Wolfe, Rumford's musical composer, has a competition in the November issue of The Blade, entitled "Fair-est One."

Katus J. Virginia and family have left for Florida, where they will spend the winter.

The ladies of the Baptist church met last week and organized a Social Club at the home of Mrs. B. E. Cornell of Penobscot street. The following members were present: Annie Dunn, Jennie O. Kidder, Gertrude Burditt, Bell Waterhouse, Annie McCauley, Carrie Hicks, Annie Palmer, Myrtle Clark, Tamar Frew, Grace Carroll, Media Votter, Celia Brown, Johanna Giraschick, Margie Littlefield, Jeanette Driscoll, Ellen Hewett, Mabel Bryant, Gladys Danton, Lena Felt, Annie Huston, Alice Roberts, Gertrude Clark, Edith Flagg, Helen Hunkton. Officers for the year were elected: President, Gertrude Burditt, 1st vice-president, Lena Felt; 2nd vice-president, Carrie Hicks; 3rd vice-president, Grace Carroll; secretary, Gladys Danton; treasurer, Edith Flagg; program committee, Helen Hunkton, Grace Carroll. It was voted to hold these meetings every three weeks, the next meeting to be with Mrs. Celia Brown of Franklin street on Monday evening, Dec. 6, when about 12 more members will be initiated. The club will then decide upon a name, and it is to be of a purely social nature.

Mrs. E. C. Jenkins left last week for Kansas, where she will visit her father for several weeks. Her little daughter, Ruth, accompanied her.

Letters were issued last week to former employees of the local mills who are out on a strike, and who have been soliciting funds at various points in the town, that they need money for food.

The following new books of fairy tales are in the Rumford Public Library: Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm; Fairy tales, illustrated by Ella Doolittle Lee; Johnson, Clifton, Editor. The birch tree fairy book. The Oak Tree fairy book. Lang, Andrew, Editor. The blue fairy book. The violet fairy book. Bowling among the pupils at the High School is going on in real earnest. A league has been formed recently, and a regular schedule for the next month made out.

The fall election of the Athletic Association of Rumford High School resulted as follows: Angus Hutchinson, '23, was elected manager of football; James Morse, '24, and Thomas Turner, '24, assistant managers; Vital Ferland, '23, William Karparick, '23, and Keith Foster, '23, were elected assistant managers of track. Fred Hall, H. G. Noyes, Alex Kowalsky, Allen Carlisle and Fred Dunham were appointed a committee to draw up a constitution for an "R" Club. This club will be composed of letter men, and will have for its object, the promotion of the athletic interests of Rumford High School.

Harold G. Noyes, who recently took the Federal Course in Teacher Training, is conducting a unit Job Analysis and Teacher Training at the Evening School. There are eight men and women enrolled in the course, each of whom are analyzing some particular job. This training is of great value to men and women who are engaged in teaching learners in any of the crafts.

Peter W. Collins, industrial expert and lecturer on sociological and economic subjects will speak at Municipal Hall on Sunday evening, Nov. 27, under the auspices of Ambrose J. Barry Council, No. 2021, Knights of Columbus. Mr. Collins was Director General of Knights of Columbus reconstruction and employment work after the war, and had charge of the functioning of the K. of C. system which placed many men back into civilian employment.

Lucy, the little 3 1/2 year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Yankowski of River street, died last week at the McCarty Hospital from the result of severe burns received by playing with matches.

Invitations have been received in town reading as follows: "Dr. and Mrs. Frederick Eugene Wheat invite you to be present at the marriage reception of their daughter, Francis Elizabeth and Mr. Emil Asker on Saturday, November 26th, 1921, at three o'clock at 773 Main street, Westbrook." Cards enclosed. "At home after January 1, 1922, New York City." Dr. F. S. Wheat and family are well known here, where they formerly lived for many years.

The thirty-seventh given in Memorial Hall by the Third Maine Infantry Band, Captain M. Dexter, director, was well attended, and a fine program presented. The band constantly showed improvement, although for a long time it might be suggested that the band was in need of just a bit of practice. Nov. 18, charges against Captain Harry Hall of the Third Maine Infantry, on connection with the strike at the International mill were investigated by a Military Court, at which the Judge Advocate General of the State presided. Adjutant General John A. Hickey was also present. The charges as made by officials of the International Paper Company fell flat, when they attempted to substantiate them with evidence.

That the injunction proceedings and the taking of the strike pickets \$20.00 each and costs, who defied the court's order, had a deterrent effect on the efforts of the strikers to prevent the operation of the mill, is very evident, as men now seem to come and go unmolested.

It is also evident that many of the strikers are going back to work. The output of the mill is increasing, and it is hoped that normal conditions will soon prevail. The Continental Paper and Bag Company mill is also gaining in the number of employees at work.

W. A. Clough of Portland is a guest at the home of his son and family, W. A. Clough, of Prospect avenue. Miss Rupert Clough, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clough of this town, who is attending Gray's Business College in Portland, will spend the Thanksgiving recess with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Landry of Franklin street are entertaining Mr. Landry's brother, Saul Landry, and wife of Yarmouth.

Nills Tufterson and daughter left on Saturday morning last for California where they will spend the winter.

John E. MacGregor and wife and four children of Murray, Nova Scotia, have arrived in town to spend the winter with Mrs. MacGregor's mother, Mrs. Charles H. Abbott, of the Rumford Central road.

Mr. and Mrs. James W. Harris of Prospect avenue left on Wednesday for Boston, where they will spend Thanksgiving with their son, Ray, and family who reside in Belmont.

Miss Annie L. Barr, Rumford Librarian, will spend the Thanksgiving recess

and the week end with her parents in Belfast.

KEEP MONEY AT WORK

"Keep your money at work and so provide for the future" is a common motto among successful business men.

The U. S. Treasury Department has paid upwards of \$70,000,000 on November 15 as interest on the Second Liberty Loan Bonds. Of this amount the people of New England received approximately \$9,000,000.

The Treasury Department urges the holders of these bonds to reinvest the interest received in Government Savings Securities, maturing January 1, 1926.

These securities yield 4 1/2 per cent if bought this month and held until maturity; are bought at a minimum price and increase in value at a guaranteed rate automatically as long as they are held.

These securities are issued in units that can be applied to any coupon payment.

Ask your postmaster about them.

One-Sided.

One of the difficulties in settling labor disputes is that so many people are willing to compromise, provided they can arrange the terms in their own way.—Boston Transcript.

ADVERTISING is simply announcing to the world in an effective way where you are, who you are and what you have to offer in the way of human service or commodity. All live men are advertisers, and the only man who should not advertise is the man who has nothing to offer the world in the way of human service, and such a man is a dead one, whether he knows it or not. **ELBERT HUBBARD.**

Era Elbertus was right.

The local newspaper is always an index to the live merchants of the locality.

Bethel's live ones appreciate the advantages of consistent advertising—you can see their names in these columns each week.

If you have something to offer the world, please accept our advice.

Become an advertiser—now.

Let us help.

The Oxford County Citizen.



LOVED AND LOST

"THE newspaper tells of a young man who committed suicide because he was rejected by the girl he loved," observed the professor. "He must have been a poor-spirited creature. There is much truth in the old saying that it's better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

"I never could see much truth in it," replied the low-browed man. "Most of the old sayings are gold bricks. They seem to be 99 per cent wisdom until you sit down and take them apart and examine them."

pieces, and then you wonder that they fooled you so long.

"I've only been in love once. I've imagined myself in love a good many times, but the great stizzling passion of my life had possession of me about ten years ago. I was so far gone that I wrote poetry, and when a man does that you may know he's no longer responsible for his actions."

"The girl's name was Isabella Butterworth, and to say she was a peach-erino is not doing her justice. She was an apprentice in a millinery joint, and only earned two bones a week, so you can see I loved her for herself alone. If she hadn't been drawing more than one plunk a week it would have been just the same. There's nothing unselfish about me where my affections are concerned."

"Tom Singletree was my rival. He was a worthless, lousesome individual, who had a squeaky tenor voice and played the mandolin. He belonged to the glee club and sang in the choir, and a man who sings in public always has a strong pull with the girls. Isabella wavered for a while. She realized that I was one of nature's noblemen, but I couldn't sing any more than a bullfrog with a sore throat. She was passionately fond of music, and the sight of Tom standing up before a cultured and refined audience, all shirt-front and white teeth, was more than she could resist. So finally she told me the best she could do under the circumstances was to be a sister to me, and she and Tom were married."

"I can't tell you how tough I felt, professor. It seemed to me that the bottom had fallen out of everything. If the marriage had been a failure my broken heart might have healed in time, for there's nothing more encouraging to a rejected suitor than to see the girl strike hard sloddering after the ceremony. Then he knows she is regretting the choice she made."

"But everything prospered with Isabella. She had a great business head on her. She bought out the millinery store and built it up until it employed fifteen or twenty women, and then she added dry goods, and inside of a few years she had the biggest establishment in town. I never heard of such a soft snap as Tom's. His wife makes all kinds of money, and all he has to do is to wear purple and fine linen and sit around looking beautiful. He hasn't done a lick of work since he was married, and his wife considers it a pleasure to make money for him to blow, and she looks upon him as the most interesting event that ever occurred."

"No man with flesh and blood in his veins can look unmoved upon such a spectacle. Often when I am carrying milk to my customers I see Tom bowling along the boulevard in his motor-car, and he looks at me in a tone of voice that makes me yearn to battle, murder and sudden death. Some day I'll meet that man where the police can't interfere, and then I'll manhandle his head until he admits that he is a complete mistake."

"If I had never loved Isabella I wouldn't care anything about this business. But when I reflect that I might be in his place if I had been able to sing 'The Lost Chord' in a high, squealing voice, my burden seems greater than I can bear, and I can hardly wait for the time when I'll have a chance to even things up with Tom."

Where the Peach Stones Were. A 600-ton mountain of peach stones was recently thrown upon the New York local fuel market as a substitute for coal. The stones were gathered by patriotic Americans in war time to be used in the manufacture of gas masks. They found a ready market at \$1 a ton and were distributed to the needy.—Dearborn Independent.

The Art of Panhandling. "Move on, you bum," said the large policeman.

"I ain't no bum," answered the tattered stranger, indignantly. "What are you, then?"

"I'm a prospector."

"Umph! What do you prospect for?"

"The milk of human kindness."

Hardly Consoling. "The idea of applying for that pension haunts me."

"No wonder; you haven't the ghost of a shadow."

WANT COLUMN

Twenty-five words or less, one week, 25 cents; second week, 15 cents; each additional week, 10 cents. Each word more than 25: One week, 1 cent and each additional week, 1/2 cent.

Purebred Jerseys, Farm Products. STEPHEN E. ABBOTT, Maplehurst, R. F. D. 1, Bethel, Maine. 4-29-11

FOR SALE—Good quality dry hardwood. Leave orders at Fred Clark's or at the Citizen office, Bethel, Maine.

LOST—Tool chest and suit case between Bethel and Norway, Thursday. Name Philip Wight was on chest. Finder please return to Philip Wight, Green St., Norway, Me. 11-17-11

NOTICE

We are now the authorized agents for Ford Cars, Trucks, and Tractors. Any information or demonstration will be gladly given at any time.

A complete line of Ford parts carried in stock. HERRICK & COBB, 11-24-11 Bethel, Maine.

FOR SALE—One or two Registered Jersey Cows at bargain prices. Inquire of C. E. Valentine, Bethel, Me. 11-24-11

FOR SALE—One pair of work horses. Weigh about 3200. Inquire of T. B. Burk, Bethel, Maine.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS

All taxes must be paid on or before Dec. 19 to save costs.

N. F. RICHARDSON, Tax Col. 11-24-11

WANTED—To buy 300,000 pine logs delivered to factory at Bethel, Me. H. F. Thurston. 11-24

NOTICE

Whereas, my wife, Etta Maxim, has left my bed and board, I hereby forbid anyone to harbor or trust her on my account after this date.

WALTER E. MAXIM, Locke's Mills, Maine, Nov. 10, 1921. 11-10-21

STATE OF MAINE

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named. At a Probate Court, held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-one. The following matters having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Citizen, a newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the third Tuesday of December, A. D. 1921, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they so cause.

Ellen P. Kimball late of Bethel, deceased; petition that Hanno A. Packard or some other suitable person be appointed as administrator of the estate of said deceased presented by said Hanno A. Packard, a brother.

Leslie D. Brown late of Bethel, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Carl L. Brown, administrator.

Caroline M. Andrews late of Bethel, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Abbie W. Farwell, administrator.

Ellen P. Kimball late of Bethel, deceased; adult ward; first account presented for allowance by Hanno A. Packard, conservator.

Witness, W. H. NEWELL, Judge of said Court at Paris, acting in and for the County of Oxford, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-one. ALBERT D. FAIR, Register. 11-24-11

NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed executrix of the will of Augusta E. F. F. late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, without bond. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all such persons are requested to make payment immediately.

LUCINDA E. RICH, November 15, 1921. Bethel, Maine. 11-24-11

Attestment

When William Butler Yeats was a boy, his family moved from Dublin to Bedford Park, as he relates in the Dial. Yeats says, incidentally, that he was not much of a churchgoer, but that he must have gone a few times because his remembrance very clearly a wooden sign which hung in the church porch: "The congregation are requested to kneel during prayers; the kneelers are afterwards to be hung upon pegs provided for the purpose."

Poets and the People. The reputation of the great poet has not been made by the scholarly critics, chiefly, but rather by the plain people of their own time or of the years immediately following.—Brander Matthews.

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MISS HASTINGS OVER

Outcome of Accident? Daugherty Was Fatal

In the Norway Municipal Tuesday of last week, Hastings of Auburn was the February term of charge of manslaughter for death of L. H. Daugherty is. The facts are familiar to readers. Mr. Daugherty by a car driven by Miss the concrete state road in Charles house in Oxford, October. He was driving Oxford to South Paris, and opposite the Charles house a fall of water from the his radiator. In crossing the radiator, he was struck north bound, driven by fangs, and carrying also his Miss Tebbets, the latter the car. He was unconsciously up to the death on the 4th of November.

At the hearing on Tuesday, Attorney Harry M. Shaw of the state and Hon. F. A. M. Hastings for Miss Hastings. Wheeler, who represents the estate in a claim for damages, present as an observer.

Witnesses for the state, F. Brabury of Norway, Mr. Daugherty after the accident, Harry D. Cole and his Shirley J. Rawson, who were scene of the accident on shortly after it occurred, and measurements; Harlow Adams, who was in a car behind Hastings and reached the scene of the accident; and J. H. St. Paris, a civil engineer, who of the locus.

The testimony indicated that struck Mr. Daugherty near hand edge of the cement, a was carried about fifty feet ator before he dropped off, ing about seventy-two feet place where it struck him came to a stop. The tracks that when the car left the brakes were set and the winging. Mr. Adams testified Hastings went by him soon ing Mechanic Falls, while he eling at about twenty-five hour, and that she kept a tance ahead of him.

Miss Hastings, put on the Mr. Moroy, could not est speed at which she was travel she struck Mr. Daugherty, a not observed her speedometer, that she blew her horn when Mr. Daugherty step out from of his car. It seemed to her Daugherty appeared confused the time of contact he jumped in front of the car.

No ball was asked for by attorney, and Miss Hastings to her home in Auburn immediately after the hearing.

GRANGE NEWS

ALDER RIVER GRANGE

Alder River Grange, P. of 145, held regular session Friday Nov. 25. After the routine business literary program was presented. Communication was read from Master W. J. Thompson regarding State Grange to be held at Dec. 13-15. Grange voted the Master and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Kimball, attend State Grange of officers will be held at regular session Friday evening. A good attendance should be Refreshments will be served.

HORACE WALKER

The death of Horace Walker at McCarty's Hospital, Rumford, day morning after a three days with pneumonia. The remains were taken to Jack's funeral parlor to West Bethel, Monday services were held at the Union St. Mr. Little officiating. He was 68 years of age and had nearly all his life in Bethel. He is survived by one daughter, Christine Oaul, and two sons, Al Herschell Walker, all of this three brothers, Charles of South Bethel and Webster of Rumford.

SWARTHMORE CHAUTAUQ

The guarantors for the Swarthmore Chautauq are requested in the money for their order that the bills may be settled.

Special Sale
OF
Silks
Suitable for Dresses, Waists,
Men's Shirts and Linings
36 in. wt
\$1.69 per yard.
Wool Scarfs, and Tams
New Yarns, Silks for Crochet-
ing and Knitting, Crochet
Cottons, Stamped Goods,
Hand Knit Gloves and
Mittens
CARVER'S